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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK . . . . .	637	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES ( <i>continued</i> ):		REVIEWS:	
LEADING ARTICLES:		English and Scottish Law . . . . .	648	Lord Russell of Killowen . . . . .	651
The Government of Cape Colony . . . . .	640	CORRESPONDENCE:		The Republic Beyond . . . . .	652
Lord Lansdowne's Retreat . . . . .	641	Mr. Swinburne on Boer Tyranny. By		Sacred to Philology . . . . .	653
The Economic Foresight of Russia . . . . .	642	Duncan C. McVarish . . . . .	649	Details about Zwingli . . . . .	653
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		Post-Office Inefficiency. By W. Basil		NOVELS . . . . .	654
Biography and the Novel . . . . .	643	Worsfold . . . . .	649	CATENA CLASSICORUM . . . . .	655
Flora as the Quack's Decoy . . . . .	644	A Novel Theory of Reviewing . . . . .	649	NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS . . . . .	655
Gothic and the Architects . . . . .	645	On the Style of a Twentieth Century		SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE . . . . .	656
Mob Rule in Opera . . . . .	646	Cathedral. By Reginald Blomfield			
Ought Theatres to be Rased? . . . . .	647	and the Hon. Stephen Coleridge . . . . .	650		

*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Salisbury, having said nothing when he was expected to say much, has said much when he was expected to say nothing. The public has already got by heart his proscription of those who write and speak "as if they belonged to the enemy". The direct scorn of the simple phrase has penetrated the not very thin skin of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Lord Salisbury's words had special reference to "eminent men". It is possible that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman looked upon the scorn as especially directed against himself. Does he not fill a position of eminence? At any rate he blustered the denial that any words of his own could by any ingenuity be interpreted as coming from the enemy; and it is not likely that ingenuity will be exercised in the otiose attempt. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was not much more pleased with some members of his own party. He considered Lord Rosebery's facetious suggestion that future Cabinets should be composed of business men as a direct imputation on the great Liberal party of which he himself is the standard-bearer. In a second speech at Bath Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would have explained away his assertion that the war was carried on "by practices of barbarity". But Sir Henry has not Mr. Gladstone's gift.

Seldom was there more widespread misunderstanding than that on which the German manifestations against Mr. Chamberlain are based; and even since the publication of Mr. Chamberlain's letter of justification a semi-official paper has pronounced his language to be un-Parliamentary and offensive. Mr. Chamberlain is thought even by the best-educated Germans to have insulted the German army. In sheer fact he merely quoted instances from German historians of German actions in the war against France in order to show precedent to justify the adoption of sterner methods against guerilla troops in South Africa. It was wrong of him to make the references, knowing how sensitive ill-informed people will show themselves; but no ingenuity could extract from his speech either an insult to Germany or a confession of English barbarity. In certain cases the Germans decided in the Franco-German war that houses must be burnt and districts fined. Mr. Chamberlain expressed some agreement with this policy and the

German nation has taken the approval as an insult. A rather ludicrous comment on the misrepresented facts is to be found in the French papers: while expressing belief in English barbarity they deprecate any desire to condone the equal barbarity of their enemies, the Germans.

In the interval of war news a budget, as surprising as satisfactory, has been issued for the Orange River Colony. The receipts for the last twelve months amounted to £57,000 the expenditure to £38,000. It is a good augury that £5,000 of the expenditure was laid out on education. The expenses naturally do not include the £173,000 spent on the refugee camps, an amount recoverable from the war funds. The smouldering, to use Lord Milner's metaphor, has not burst into flame. According to the weekly return 356 Boers have further to be deducted from Mr. Brodrick's estimate of 10,000. The clearing operations in the Orange River Colony have been especially successful, and in the Cape Colony General French has "hustled" the enemy rapidly to the north. There have been no separate engagements of much moment; but a valuable capture was made near Villiersdorp in the person of Commandant Buys who led an attack on some railway pioneers. Commandant Wolmarans was defeated and wounded in the Potchefstroom district. De Wet, the world will be glad to know, is "alive and well"; but we are not told from what Court circular the news is derived.

The case of Dr. Krause has had an unexpected development. It has been decided after no fewer than thirteen appearances at Bow Street that he is to be tried not in the Transvaal but before the Central Criminal Court in London and proceedings will be taken on the charge of inciting to murder under the Offences against the Person Act instead of under the Fugitive Offenders Act. The reasons given for the change of intention are that the letters on which the accusation hinges were written and posted in England. At present the charge against Dr. Krause is one of misdemeanour only and as such Mr. De Rutzen allowed bail; but as yet no sureties have come forward. Mr. Isaacs on behalf of the accused took objection to the reading of several letters on the ground that they were concerned with the question of high treason of which Dr. Krause was not accused rather than directly with incitement to murder. But all Mr. Isaacs' objections were overruled on the double ground that the magistrate must hear all the evidence before he could determine on which charges he would commit the prisoner and because the letters formed the basis on which Mr.

Muir asked the magistrate to say that the defendant had a motive for inciting to murder Mr. Forster.

The Hague Arbitration Tribunal, the incorporeal child of that "insubstantial pageant" the Peace Conference, has been asked officially to arbitrate between the Boers and Great Britain. The standing committee returned a verbal answer to the effect that no such tribunal existed. Its existence depends on the request of both parties in a quarrel and until such is preferred it has merely potential being. To use that curiously contradictory phrase, much bruited at the Hague Conference, there is no such thing nor will be as "compulsory conciliation". The mere request proves how utterly puerile a notion of the objects as well as the achievements of the Tsar's conference is abroad. For the Boers to attempt to utilise this non-existent tribunal is doubly absurd since by reason of the suzerainty of Great Britain the Boers were not qualified as an independent nation to swell the vapourings at the Congress. Arbitration, while men remain jealous, can never be a universal panacea. In separate cases it may be effective either when both parties believe in the perfect impartiality of the arbitrators or when a great amalgamation of nations decide to enforce it. Neither of these causes now operates.

Grattan might well "weep for the sorrows of Ireland" now. The one true Irishman of the day, who cares for Ireland and nothing for party, who has given himself for Ireland and worked for her as no other living man has worked, is rejected by his countrymen of both factions. The Unionist bourgeois of Dublin, with his paltry selfish politics, caused Mr. Plunkett to lose his seat last year. Now he is beaten by the violence and foul abuse of a gang of professional politicians, Mr. Dillon hounding them on. Of course, it is just to remember that there is not in the Nationalists' conduct the malignity there was in the Dublin Unionists that voted against Mr. Plunkett; for on the Constitutional question he and the Home Rulers are political opponents. As for the new member for Galway, we have seen some solemn twaddle about "Colonel" Lynch leading the "Irish contingent" in the South African War, whilst some owls have been discussing the question whether or no this "leader" will be seized by the police when he tries to take his seat. We imagine there is no danger of the authorities making such idiots of themselves. If they know their man at all, they will not connect him with the rifle and the veldt so much as with the inkpot and Fleet Street. And even if there were an "Irish contingent" and he did "lead" it, nobody can imagine that a single British soldier suffered any hurt thereby. No: physical force has not been the boast of Irish M.P.s and candidates since Mr. Parnell brandished the crowbar with effect in the offices of his Irish newspaper.

Mr. Hay has a considerable popularity in England and it is possible that his unctuous aphorisms concerning national policy and his platitudes of universal amity, which were so wildly cheered by the Chambers of Commerce in New York, will help to increase Mr. Hay's reputation in Europe; but the speech was remarkable less for the "naïf credulity" with which Mr. Hay has been charged than by naïf assurance. The Monroe doctrine may be "a golden rule"; the Americans may demand only "a fair field and no favour"; they may "seek the friendship of all Powers"; but this golden doctrine, this "exclusive American ownership and American control" are nevertheless especially calculated to give the Americans favour and spoil a fair field for other nations. In short, Mr. Hay denied in detail what he affirmed in principle. If the Monroe doctrine means anything at all—it refuses to Spain, Germany and England the right of free competition in South America. Neither President Roosevelt nor Mr. Hay desires to insult or defy a Great Power—to give Mr. Hay's astounding jest—"even because it is friendly." Mr. Choate's much more tasteful appreciation of the English people—more tasteful because it rang true—raised the proceedings to a higher level.

Tranquillity continues to prevail in Afghanistan. Herat has quietly accepted Habibulla's succession and the various possible rivals have found his position too secure or the moment unfavourable for an attempt to seize his heritage. Across the Russian frontier no movement is yet threatened, unless there is any truth in the reports that the border railways are being extended and enlarged in a manner which could only be designed for strategical purposes directed against Afghanistan. The peaceful outlook has permitted Lord Curzon to proceed with his autumn tour. The route selected is a remarkable illustration of the progress made in linking up the eastern parts of the Indo-Burmese Empire. The Viceroy for the first time makes the journey overland from India to Mandalay, passing through Manipur where he has been able to congratulate the little state and its ruler on the prosperity and order which under British administration have succeeded the turbulence and misrule that culminated in the murder of Mr. Quinton and his staff. A section of the journey has to be made on horseback, one object of the Viceroy being to prospect a possible line of communication which will place the Indian system in touch with the railway and river steamer services of Burma. Lord Curzon will return to India by sea from Rangoon in time for the Accession ceremonies of the New Year.

Now that the new Indian Province has actually come into official existence as "the North-West Frontier Province", a difficulty arises from the similarity of its name with that of the older one known as the "North-West Provinces" or, since its amalgamation with the Lucknow government, as the "North-West Provinces and Oudh". It is held necessary to change the now historic name of the senior province but each of the designations suggested meets with reasonable objection from some quarter. The India Office suggests the "Northern Provinces and Oudh" while the local government seems to favour the "United Provinces". Neither is satisfactory. "Northern" is a geographical misnomer and "United Provinces" has no local significance while it fails to consult the jealous susceptibilities of the Oudh people. The "Pioneer" plumps for the "Upper Provinces and Oudh", which seems very little advance on the India Office favourite. If Agra or Delhi were still the seat of provincial government, something might be made of them. Even a wider and nobler name might well be adopted. The provinces correspond as closely as may be with the old limitations of Hindustan—the "Madhya-desha"—the centre of all myths, civilisation and sovereignty, the home of Krishna, Rama and Buddha and the stronghold of Moghal rule. The simple and historical name of "Hindustan" would seem to satisfy more requirements and excite less objections than any other. But if the official inspiration is withheld, why not invite competition and offer a prize for the most suitable title?

There is a superficial likeness between the German Emperor and Lord Rosebery. They both have the knack of saying good things in a popular way; but the German Emperor has the advantage of being in earnest and of possessing knowledge. His speech at the Naval Engineers' Congress at Charlottenburg on naval construction, one of the most technical of subjects, has appealed in an extraordinary way to the word at large. It is not necessary to follow him in his historic survey of tactics as they were developed along with the shape of ships and the manner of their propulsion: in galleys at Salamis, in sailing ships at Trafalgar, in ironclads off Cuba. Though he pretended to be ignorant of the meaning of metacentre, he said many things worth the consideration of tactical and constructive specialists; but it was the wide philosophy of his central theme which won the larger audience. Ships and their shapes are in a true sense the expression of a nation's ambitions and desires; and the German Emperor having in his mind the development of the German navy, to which at present his chief efforts are bent, may be excused if he was hopeful of the reaction likely to be exercised by the possession of a great war and merchant navy on the narrow character of a bureaucratic people.

Turning to home affairs, the Government proposals with reference to the London water supply have this undoubted merit that they offer a complete settlement of the question. The Bill, of which Parliamentary notices have been given, will provide not only for the constitution of a Board representing the whole water area, but also for the vesting of the undertakings of the companies in the Board by a fixed date. The desirability of purchasing the undertakings may be regarded as a foregone conclusion, and there is not likely to be much controversy as to the terms of purchase. The notices indicate arrangements fair alike to the public and the companies; thus the Bill, whilst securing to the latter the full consideration for their property, will prevent any allowance being made for compulsory sale. A hot fight may, however, be anticipated with regard to the constitution of the Board. The outside counties will not like the preponderance of representation to be given to London, whilst if Mr. Long really intends, as would appear from his recent speech, to allow the Metropolitan Borough Councils to nominate some of London's representatives, the County Council will bitterly resent the proposal. And it is difficult to see how such a scheme could be carried into effect without making the Board so large as to be unwieldy.

Everybody in London is compelled to take interest in the new telephone scheme, if from no other cause, by the disturbances of the London streets. The final arrangements which are now made public will strike most people as an ingenious, but not quite successful, compromise. The shareholders of the National Telephone Company have some reason to object that they are subjected to competition with a Government office. The public will complain that though a monopoly has been broken the competition between the two companies is so regulated by law as to deprive it of its natural benefits. No fault is to be found with Lord Londonderry's division of subscribers into the two classes, but the charge of £17 a year for unlimited use remains altogether excessive when compared with Continental and American prices. Telephonic communication has become not a luxury but a necessity for private people as well as for those in business and the time had come for the Government to do with the telephone what they have done with postal and telegraphic communication. It was their duty to buy up the National Telephone Company. The most pronounced individualist would be so far socialist as to prefer Government regulation to the sort of bogus competition between a Government and a private company in which prices were regulated by mutual understanding.

Until Government shall consider the finances of the great hospitals one of its duties, hospitals have the first claim on the generosity of the public. Guy's Hospital, which like the rest has been forced to grow by the pressure of population and the progress of science, has altogether outstripped the machinery for providing funds. Even with the annual gift of £5,000 from the Prince of Wales' Hospital Fund there is a yearly sum of £14,000 left to be provided by undiscovered channels. In addition the time has come when a large scheme of rebuilding and renovation is necessary, if the hospital is to continue in adequate efficiency. No less a sum than £180,000 will be necessary to do the work properly and the public at large are asked to provide at least £100,000 of this sum. The immediate needs are for increased accommodation for the nursing staff, proper sanitary blocks in connexion with the wards and a more extensive laundry. The mere position of Guy's Hospital on the south side of the river should be a sufficient stimulus to generosity for all those who know or even guess the needs of the immense population which lives or exists in that brick wilderness.

Smallpox is still amongst us: the hideous spectre is not laid: and it is not in autumn but in spring when we may expect to see the most of it. If those members of the Government, who against their own consciences legalised the conscientious objector, know what goes on below stairs in their own households, they should

expect to have troubled dreams and evil nights. All that the average man, a fortiori the average domestic servant, knows or thinks he knows of the effect of that precious clause is that now no one can be compelled to be vaccinated. Consequently the householder, though a genuine believer himself, does no more than ask his servants as seductively as he can whether they would not like to be vaccinated; and the servants usually answer no. The magistrate never hears of them. The number of domestic servants who decline to be vaccinated is portentous. The family doctor is brought in by the mistress to vaccinate the household: and the whole body of servants "prefer not".

Your wise anti-vaccinator will of course tell you that the scullerymaid's refusal is based on the highest scientific grounds and a serious study of statistics. To ask these people whether they think vaccination good or not is as absurd as it would be to ask a child of eight whether he preferred to take a pill or leave it. It is a farce and a pandering to ignorance. In the eyes of those who believe in vaccination, and most of the very men who abolished compulsion do, it must be a positive cruelty to give hapless servant girls a chance of deciding to their own grievous hurt. The spectre of smallpox should haunt these men every night till compulsory vaccination is re-enacted. In the meantime, wise and well-off employers, such as some of the leading banks, are offering their clerks a bonus of 10s. apiece to get vaccinated. The cost of this gratuity such sensible employers ought in justice to be able to extract from the Treasury.

How difficult it is to gather the real opinions of the legal profession from their statements in public! Mr. Rentoul at the City of London Court was placed in the painful position of having to reply to the congratulations of certain junior Counsel on his appointment as judge, that it was pleasant to him to know that his appointment had been well received by the City and "more particularly by the members of my own profession"! Now when Sir Sherston Baker is appointed to a County Court judgeship in Lincolnshire, members of the profession do not say what they think in print at least or in public, but they smile though they may hardly care to use strong language, as they have done in some other cases. Sir Sherston is at least not unpopular; but the legal work he has done is of a very mild type, and it is rather serious that judges of a more strenuous character should not be appointed to Courts that are daily increasing in importance.

The Thames Rowing Club has taken the lead in rejecting decisively Mr. Grenfell's motion for the exclusion of foreigners from Henley. The meeting was carried away by some more than usually fallacious arguments from Mr. Muttelbury. It is not fair to the memory of the founders of this most typical and popular of the regattas absolutely to ignore their unmistakable intentions; the regatta was founded for the sake of encouraging English rowing and the sport has not so far developed that it has become right and proper to welcome crews whose presence is likely to defeat the object of the founders. For apart from the professional question, London eights, whose crews are composed of busy men who have neither the time nor the inclination to train and practise in the American manner, are more than likely to shrink from competition in the bigger races when they have to meet professionally trained crews such as the Americans have sent over and will send. The crowd at Henley enjoys seeing foreigners and English oarsmen delight both in hospitality and competition; but it is inevitable that races with foreigners should be regarded as international tests and only harm is done by the association of the races with this false excitement. If foreigners wish to compete with us, let some new and definitely international regatta be inaugurated.

Nobody expected Mr. Maclaren's team to do great things. The best two batsmen in England and, a point which is much more important, the best two bowlers in England were not included in it. His eleven is not only



not representative of England, but is probably scarcely as strong as the champion county. We expected the more important matches to be lost; but the first match against South Australia was chiefly remarkable for strange surprises. The bowlers on both sides had sudden successes which were probably due to the badness of the wicket. For this reason the match cannot be taken as a true test, for as a rule the wickets in Australia are so good as almost to damage the game. The second match, when the team beat Victoria, was again in no sense a test, and for the same reason, though the new bowler, Barnes, for the second time surprised everyone, except Mr. Maclaren. There are no doubt many good batsmen in this private team of Mr. Maclaren, and if the two matches have shown anything they have indicated that some of the bowlers, if not first class, have bouts of excellence and that some of the batsmen though tried players have attacks of nervousness.

This week contributes a great landmark of "progress". On that fine site, the delta of the two mouths of the new highway from Holborn falling into the Strand, a huge business barracks, promoted by an American syndicate ornamented with a number of prominent English names, is to squat. The progression is charming. First the site was to be used for a County Hall, a great public project worthy of a great city; that was ruled out. Second, a National Opera House, artistically not unworthy of the British Empire, was suggested: a noble idea, which were we not a nation mainly of half-educated clowns would have been welcomed: that was cold-shouldered. Third, a group of American-English company-promoters come forward with a financial scheme to plant on the one really fine site vacant in London a vast commercial block, New York outside, Tottenham Court Road within. This is suffered gladly. Here we have in the story of a single site the whole history of modern English progress.

The new barracks is of course blessed by the "Times", which, with the splendid Philistinism that has never failed Printing House Square, describes with enthusiasm the undertaking which is to be "the largest and handsomest structure in the world". How the phraseology smacks of the Transatlantic builder developing an estate! Of course, a building that is to cost £2,000,000 and to be seven stories high must be handsome; so at least the "Times" thinks. England is being rapidly "developed" indeed. We hope that the financial element in this undertaking will be very closely watched. We may then better understand how certain English names come to be connected with this huge exploitation by American promoters; exploitation which is cantingly described as "drawing the Anglo-Saxon nations closer together".

The Bank returns of Thursday exhibited an increase in the total reserve of £640,600 and the proportion is higher by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., being  $47\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. A small sum in gold has been exported but the loss has been fully compensated by the return of coin from circulation. The past week has been a period of general stagnation in the stock markets. The Funds are slightly lower on balance and Home Railway stocks show an all round relapse. There is no indication of any immediate improvement in gilt-edged securities as the probability of a further issue of Consols at the beginning of the new year is a complete deterrent to any rise in the Funds. The Government of New Zealand offers a loan of £1,500,000 in 3 per cent. inscribed stock at the issue price of 94 and as a trustees stock the issue will doubtless be successful. The prices of American railroad shares have steadily declined during the week following the weakness in New York consequent on the heavy shipments of gold to the Continent and the difficulties attending the completion of the North-Western trouble. South African mining shares have been quite featureless and West Africans are also weak. Copper shares are lower, and the remaining markets devoid of interest. Consols 91 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Bank rate 4 per cent. (31 October, 1901).

#### THE GOVERNMENT OF CAPE COLONY.

IT is not our way to conceal or evade the facts of the South African situation. Our readers will admit that the comments which have appeared from time to time in the SATURDAY REVIEW have possessed at least the quality of candour. Nevertheless, making allowance for all the anti-English factors which, as we have insisted, have to be recognised at their full value and duly provided for in any policy which aims at a permanent settlement, a comparison of the present condition of South Africa with that of five or ten years ago creates a sense not of despair but of hope. The progress which has been accomplished by our army in the field is by no means confined to the results registered by Mr. Brodrick's speech. But in order to understand how real this progress has been we must remember two things. (1) That federal union is the goal of South African statesmanship, and (2) that the advance in constitutional government hitherto achieved by the Cape Colony has been the chief obstacle—apart from the existence of the Boer Republics—to the attainment of this ideal. The reasons why the Cape Colony became an obstacle to federation are these. At the time of Lord Carnarvon's South Africa Act the federation proposals which it embodied were opposed by the majority of the Cape Colonists, English and Dutch, because they saw that the establishment of a federal administration would involve a sacrifice of the political privileges already enjoyed by the Colony under its recently acquired constitution. The scheme of union, therefore, which colonial opinion favoured was the gradual incorporation of the States and colonies into the system of the Cape Colony by annexation. On the failure of the federation scheme this colonial policy was subsequently carried out to the extent that, in addition to Griqualand West (the Diamond Fields district), the Cape Colony annexed the Crown Colony of Bechuanaland, and the whole of the native territories lying between the colonial frontier and Natal. With these facts before one it is easy to understand that the problem of South African unity has been enormously simplified by the protraction of Boer resistance, and by the open disaffection of so large a proportion of the Dutch inhabitants of the Cape Colony. These events, or rather the conditions resulting from them, have provided ample justification for political reconstructions which would have provoked opposition both in the Cape Colony and in England, if the war had ended after the occupation of Pretoria. To deprive the Cape Colony of any of its constitutional privileges, or of part of its lately acquired territory, would have seemed unnecessary and therefore ungenerous then. Now—after the second year of wanton resistance and rebellion—the right of the Imperial Government to do with South Africa as seems good to it is incontestable. The helplessness of the English colonists in the face of Dutch disaffection at the Cape is no less apparent. In these circumstances the larger scheme of federal government for all South Africa stands first, and the maintenance of the constitution and territory of the Cape Colony second.

We must take a broad view. After all that has passed the settlement of South Africa is a matter for England and the Empire. The time for nice considerations of local interests and prejudices has gone by. The paramount necessity is to restore peace and prosperity to South Africa. Not even the claims of the loyal colonists in the Cape Colony must interfere with the attainment of this supremely important object. In short the events of the last year have made the establishment of a central government for South Africa more necessary and more possible. The old necessities remain—the necessity for a common system of native administration, for a common tariff and for a uniform railway system. But the necessities immediately arising out of the present situation are of still higher importance. If we are to hold South Africa, English immigrants must be established on the land. For this purpose a large scheme of agricultural development by irrigation and light railways embracing the whole of South Africa is required; and such a scheme can only be put into effect by a central authority whose powers are equally extensive.



In view of the necessity for a complete political reconstruction in South Africa the question of what is to be done with the Cape Colony, now that we know that the great majority of the Dutch are disaffected to British rule, acquires a new aspect. One plan is to extend Mr. Chamberlain's programme; that is, to treat the Cape Colony, with the exception of the towns, on the same footing as the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies. The discussion of this proposal we reserve for a future occasion. An alternative plan is to apply the "protected area" system to the problem of civil government. Simply to abrogate the Cape Constitution would punish the innocent with the guilty; and the loyal English and loyal Dutch, the men who strove for responsible government and have not abused its privileges, would be the chief sufferers. Why not then suspend the Constitution only in those areas of the Colony where the Boers have received support, or the inhabitants have taken up arms against the Crown? By this means the disloyal inhabitants would be deprived of their representatives in the Cape Parliament for the present; but each area, as and when it returned to its allegiance, would be reinstated. This plan, while it would make any alteration in the status of the Cape Colony unnecessary, would make it possible for the Cape Government to work harmoniously with the Imperial authorities in the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies in the measures necessary for the settlement of South Africa. The House of Assembly, having an ample majority of progressive members and being purged of the Dutch obstructives, would be able to act in harmony with other South African Governments for the promotion of all measures necessary for the industrial development of the country, and for putting into effect any scheme of central administration which might be proposed by the Imperial Government. There is, however, one grave objection to this plan. Judged by the test of "Never again"—a test which must be applied to every item of our South African policy—it is deficient. The Cape Parliament, purged though it were of the more obstructive Dutch members, would after the manner of parliaments divide into the Government and the Opposition. The votes of the few sympathisers with the Dutch would be offered to the highest bidder: the price of these votes being the prompt restoration of representatives to the disaffected areas. And then the Cape Parliament would become once more obstructive, and every measure necessary for an effective settlement in which the co-operation of the Cape Government was required would be resisted and probably rejected. In other words, the Cape Legislature would again fall under the control of the Dutch majority—a majority whose real sentiments towards England the events of the last year have sufficiently disclosed.

One word more. In discussing South African affairs we cannot refrain from drawing attention to the Report on the Concentration Camps. This document we commend to all our readers and in particular to our correspondent Mr. Stephen Gwynn. The "British Medical Journal" is an authority which doubtless claims respect, but Mr. Gwynn would scarcely set the statements of a writer in its pages against the overwhelming mass of detail contained in this report. In the face of this revelation of the incredible ignorance and revolting degradation of the Boer mother, what is the use of telling us that certain things which should have been done in the case of an ordinary civilised community, "ought to have been done, and ought to be done now", in the case of a people whose conditions are absolutely unlike those of any other European race?

#### LORD LANSDOWNE'S RETREAT.

WE had not expected to look back to Lord Granville as a strong and adroit statesman from whom our practitioners in the "New Diplomacy" might learn the importance of having a "stiff back". Yet Lord Lansdowne forces us to do so. Lord Granville in 1882 repelled with as much scorn as the traditions of his old-world courtesy permitted the insolent pretensions of Mr. Blaine regarding a Nicaragua

Canal. This was in a Gladstonian Ministry elected to check Imperialism. Lord Lansdowne, being Foreign Minister in a Cabinet which is the result of an election endorsing Imperialism with an overwhelming majority, goes back on every principle he enforced with sound sense and irrefragable logic not a year ago, and abandons every right this country had acquired by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty without one iota of equivalent for his surrender in any quarter of the New World. The only privileges which we are allowed to enjoy under this capitulation are equal rights for our merchandise with that of the United States when the Canal comes into existence. We may suppose that the matter of preferential rates will be one for discussion between the United States and other nations, but, with the fate of previous reciprocity treaties before our eyes, we cannot feel very confident of the result. So far as we are concerned we are in the position of Odysseus in the cave of Polyphemus; we possess the undisputed privilege of being devoured the last; we are putting the future Canal unreservedly into the hands of the United States of the future, which will develop in a startling manner the Imperialist extravagances of to-day, without consulting in the smallest degree the interests of the rest of the world which are intimately bound up with our own in this matter. This has been admitted even by some of the strongest supporters of Monroeism. "Whatever highway" said President Cleveland in his Message of December 1885 "may be constructed across the barrier dividing the two greatest maritime areas of the world, must be for the world's benefit, a trust for mankind, to be removed from the chance of domination by any single Power, and must not become a point of invitation for hostilities or a prize for warlike ambition". Yet Lord Lansdowne has conceded what President Cleveland did not even dream could be demanded by the United States. He has cynically retired from the position of trustee for the civilised world which we assumed even under the Hay-Pauncefote Convention, and has thrown the whole subject of contention into the hands of unscrupulous opponents to deal with as they think fit. We are left to cherish, with deep gratitude to our benefactors for leaving us something, this precious right of "equality of treatment for our merchandise". Lord Salisbury's surrender in 1896 over the Venezuela business might indeed have prepared us for some fresh volte-face in American matters, but we had yet to learn that one grave mistake must be of necessity supported by another, and Lord Lansdowne now takes his place beside his chief as the possessor of a powerful pen and a palsied will. The United States may in future herald with delight the advent from our Foreign Office of a despatch completely demolishing the arguments of their own statesmen. They will rightly assume that, under the present régime, it will shortly have as its corollary a complete and helpless surrender of every vital point at issue. With a regard for symmetry more artistic than politic the Government has apparently desired that their policy in the Far West should nicely balance their failure in the Far East.

We have no need to speculate upon the possible provisions of the new instrument which is shortly to engage the attention (surely this time benevolent) of the United States Senate. We know quite enough from admitted facts to permit us to compare it with Lord Lansdowne's previous utterances which cannot but be edifying for all who admire strength and consistency in foreign policy. We cannot state again matters with which we have already dealt at length, but it may be remembered that by the first article of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty Great Britain and the United States bound themselves never to obtain or maintain any exclusive control over a ship canal, or to erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same or in its vicinity, or to colonise or exercise dominion over Nicaragua or any part of Central America. In the event of war between the contracting parties the neutralisation of the Canal was provided for, the assent of all friendly States was to be invited, and both parties agreed to protect any other practicable means of communication selected. By the

Hay-Pauncefote Convention of last year we abandoned some of these stipulations, without, it is true, any adequate compensation, but still not without retaining some decent show of national self-respect. The Treaty of 1850 still remained in force, except so far as it was expressly altered by the new arrangement. Both the signatory Powers were to invite the other Powers to accede to it. This Convention the Senate altered by striking out the latter provision, by interpolating a clause giving the United States power to secure by its own forces the defence of United States interests, and certain clauses from the Convention of 1888 regulating the neutralisation of the Suez Canal and then inserted a provision that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was "hereby superseded". To these alterations made by the Senate Lord Lansdowne refused assent. "There was no desire" he said "on the part of His Majesty's Government to procure a modification of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty", to do so was entirely for the benefit of the United States and not for our own. We were surrendering something of value to us and should by all sound diplomacy have secured an equivalent. That this was in the mind of our Foreign Minister at the time is quite evident, for he laid great emphasis on the fact that British "public opinion would hardly support them in making a concession which would be wholly to the benefit of the United States, at a time when they appeared to be so little inclined to come to a satisfactory settlement in regard to the Alaskan frontier".

Whatever arguments may be put forward by our Foreign Office as to a settled policy of never trying to exchange things not "in *pari materia*", here is a distinct intimation both to Canada and Great Britain that, if the United States expected us to offer concessions in Central America, they must be prepared to do the same in Alaska. Lord Lansdowne further pointed out that the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty would give the United States great advantages in dealing with the Central American Republics as she thought fit and deprived us of all the other advantages of that treaty, which the Hay-Pauncefote Convention had left to us. He also demonstrated that the claim of the United States to use their own forces in the vicinity of the Canal to protect their own interests would involve warlike acts "clearly inconsistent with the neutral character which it has been always sought to give it". He proved that to give the United States power to protect their interests with such armed forces would "strike at the very root of that general principle of neutralisation upon which the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was based and which was reaffirmed in the Convention as drafted", he also insisted with truth that this would be a "one-sided arrangement" by which the United States were to get everything and we nothing. We have no need to expatiate on these arguments. They were and are unanswerable. The humour of the present situation lies in the fact that eight months after the production of the able and convincing State paper quoted above its writer has signed a treaty embodying the very proposals to which he objected. We shall not, as a result, see any concessions made to Canada or receive any equivalent except, if we are to believe the "Times", that we are not to be too much crowded over. It is not regarded as a "surrender by England. The right to protect the Canal is considered to grow out of the exclusive guarantee of the United States". This is a delightfully ingenious way of stating the brutal truth. It reminds us of the developments of "la grâce suffisante" under able manipulation. But after all it explodes some fictions which still cling to our diplomacy. Its practice is in reality engagingly simple in these days. When your opponent is large and strong you give him all he asks on condition that he says "thank you" prettily. As President Roosevelt is a gentleman he will doubtless do so and becomingly hide his smile of contempt for those he has so easily worsted. Colonel Hay might well preach his "Golden Rule" with unctious. Politics in the United States usually are golden, and as for the mean element,—well, silence is golden.

#### THE ECONOMIC FORESIGHT OF RUSSIA.

RUSSIA'S reply to the Canadian-Pacific Railway is now an accomplished fact. The news of the completion of this colossal undertaking has been received with much questioning and half hearted approbation. Fair appreciation is however not likely to be withheld by those who are interested in the immediate future of Europe and Asia. Indeed it is extremely probable that a more prevalent and intelligent understanding of Russia and her economic problems would lead to less adverse criticism. Criticism occasionally argues ignorance, though more often it is but prejudice masquerading as wisdom. To dismiss this remarkable and undeniably picturesque achievement as a mere aid to ambitious territorial expansion is to prove one's-self unacquainted with the vast system of communications in process of development by Russia. A development no doubt partly due to the lesson taught her during the Crimean War, that the nation lacking speedy means of communicating with the basis of operations must be at a disadvantage in any prolonged struggle. And largely due to the long-foreseen agricultural crisis, Russian methods must often appear enigmatic to us. We act when compelled by circumstances, when a pressing need forces our hand; this we call common-sense. Favourable as this practical method of securing the objects we can see has proved in the past, it has unfortunately been allowed of late to assume the unpractical form of a lazy optimism. Russia with far-seeing eyes watches the mighty trend of events and lays her plans with marvellous skill. Immediate results she rarely aims at; she firmly believes that the future belongs to the Slav, and acts accordingly. She allows no opportunity to pass unheeded; should the desired opportunity fail her, she creates it. Judged by Western standards her methods are not distinguished by uprightness or trustworthiness, but being consistent in their inconsistency they are easily recognisable. M. de Witte's favourite saying "Much must be left to time, but nothing to chance" contains the key to Russian policy.

The Trans-Siberian Railway is the outcome of this far-sighted policy. A future in which the struggle for commercial supremacy was to be fought out on the shores of the Pacific led her to Vladivostok in the first instance. This step implied the development of the intermediate country and suggested the wide-reaching possibilities of the scheme, and money which might have been available for the urgent need of relief at home was lavishly spent upon what seemed to outsiders a thoroughly unpractical undertaking. If present results are any indication of what may be expected in the future it will prove one of the greatest monuments to a policy of anticipation ever raised. Since the emancipation of the serfs in 1861, the present deplorable state of a great number of the peasantry has been gradually and relentlessly preparing itself. The land allotted to the peasant—more especially in the Central Provinces where the soil is wretchedly poor—could not suffice for his needs and was totally inadequate to the rapid growth of the population. The inevitable development of a specialised great industry with all the commercial advantages offered by capital pointed to the unavoidable decay of the rural industries upon which the peasant of these provinces depends for his money income. Modern methods of agriculture, even when within his reach, do not appeal to him; he prefers his own primitive implements and the simplicity of the three-field system. It has often been said that the economic progress of the last decade has been entirely at the expense of the peasant. Truly the peasant is the chief sufferer, but he is the victim of the unsettled conditions incidental to all periods of transition, and not of any wilful indifference on the part of the Government. Considering that the majority of the large factories depend to such an extent upon the peasant consumer that the output for the coming twelve months is regulated every autumn at the Nijni-Novgorod Fair when the prospects of the year's crops are known, it is not difficult to realise that a starving peasantry is a serious hindrance to industrial development. In these circumstances it was quite natural that the extension of the area of cultivation should



have been considered in order to maintain the balance between population and food-production. To improve the method of agriculture is less easy than to expand. The necessity for a solution to the problem represented by a starving peasantry was certainly not without its influence when the decision to construct the railway was taken. It is difficult as yet to foretell all the consequences of the gigantic iron road, but the large number of settlers that commenced to pour into the new country as soon as ever they could be conveyed would appear to be its justification. With apparent recklessness Russia flung a line across empty desert, swollen river, and vast marsh to a simple fishing hamlet on the Pacific. Within ten years the empty desert has received over 1,000,000 hard-working peasants, signs of human activity are visible along the line, new settlements have sprung up, dormant industries been brought to life, and the fishing hamlet converted into an important commercial port and naval station.

In the most comprehensive manner the Siberian Railway committee has taken the matter of the colonists under its direct control. It furnishes exact information about the country, issues special maps, and prepares sections of land for settlers by the help of local Government agents. In the Western Governments allotments of 40 acres of land are granted to each male emigrant and three years' exemption from taxes. Emigrants to the Amur and Pacific Maritime Territories receive 250 acres and exemption from taxes and conscription for 20 years. Material assistance, not exceeding £10, is granted in special cases, and facilities for acquiring seed and agricultural implements afforded, while medical aid may be obtained at the various emigrant stations. The erection of churches and schools along the line has also been undertaken by the committee; 133 churches and 87 schools have already been built, 34 churches and 20 schools are in course of construction. So thoroughly has this question of colonisation been taken up that the prospects for a speedy and highly satisfactory opening up of Siberia are most promising. It is known to be a country of enormous mineral wealth, its soil in the West is rich and fertile, its rivers abound in fish and its valuable furs have for long past found a ready market in the West.

The Trans-Siberian-Manchurian Railway has brought within Russia's grasp what she has so long desired—ice-free ports and an open sea. It gives her facilities for inland trade and places a rich country within easy reach of her surplus population. It is estimated that freights and passenger fares will yield an annual return of 5,000,000 roubles; the transportation of criminals to Sakhalien, the escorting of convicts, and the abolition of postal couriers, 3,000,000 roubles; while the probable supersession of the old caravan trade will enable Russia to save the 15,000,000 roubles she annually paid to China. Failure may always wait upon prophecy. But the extraordinary success which the railway has already achieved properly leads one to expect great results from it in the future—provided that no serious complications occur to unsettle Russia and undo the work of years.

#### BIOGRAPHY AND THE NOVEL.

ONE would be entitled to complain of Mr. Asquith's recent address on Biography and Autobiography at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution as Coleridge complained of Gibbon's History that it contained no philosophy of the subject. Perhaps, even should one set about the analysis, there really is none to be discovered more profound than that which is simplicity itself. The hero of the story should be a man or woman who is interesting as a personality quite irrespective of the particular things he or she has done, the writer should understand the personality better than anybody else did, and have the skill to impress us as he was impressed by it himself. This is not an attempt at being more acute than Mr. Asquith, because, to tell truth, it is he that furnishes us with the material for the formula. Only he in fact omitted it. Not even the "Scotsman" has it, and we do not find it in the "Times", which cut down Mr. Asquith's text to make room for Lord Rosebery's commentary on

it. The "Times" indeed as a reporter was like an unskilful biographer who tells you about other people when you want to know about the principal personage. But it seems to us that Mr. Asquith unnecessarily mystified himself and his hearers. Why after all should Boswell's biography of Johnson be such a stumbling block? Mr. Asquith might be expected to have cleared his mind of the cant Macaulay talked about this book. That biography according to Macaulay was so good because Boswell was a sort of inspired idiot on that particular subject, and blundered into making a masterpiece without any sort of competence. Mr. Asquith was evidently thinking of this when he said that no theory of faculty, opportunity or environment would explain why one man should write a good biography and another should not. There does not appear to us to be any theory needed. We do not say that a man is a poet, or a mathematician, or a musician because he is, as he possibly may be, in other respects not above or even below the average good intellect. It is simply proved by what he has done that he has the faculty for doing it, and it is absolutely impossible to suppose that the opportunity and the environment have not gone along with the faculty to make it effective. Of course there is no theory to explain this. If a man can do a thing there is no more to be said about it, and it is simply a ridiculous waste of time to wonder why someone else differently constituted and situated cannot do it as well. When one wants a theory of genius the search is hardly likely to be successful; and it is only in a few cases that it can conceivably be wanted for biography any more than for any other kind of human productions.

Good biography is plentiful enough in a sense. Biographies of soldiers, statesmen, philosophers, musicians, lawyers, doctors, authors, if they are only written by men competent to treat of the particular subject matter of war, politics, philosophy and so on in which their hero was eminent are usually good enough for ordinary purposes. The personality comes out sufficiently in connexion with the actions, and the events are what we most wish to understand. It is not even necessary that the writer should have personally known his hero. Plutarch's Lives, Johnson's Lives, down to the Dictionary of National Biography, are cases in point. They are well done as philosophical and critical appreciations of the men, but there is still wanting that peculiar combination of two personalities that alone constitutes the pure biography which is quite independent of any particular professional or technical accomplishment in the subject of it.

An immense amount of bad biography is turned out nowadays for the mere sake of the incidents clustering round the individual. Such works are bad biography in any case, because even if the writers are competent critics either they select meretricious personages of no essential consequence, or the facts are too recent to be seen in their true relations, even if they are not too recent to be accurately known. At least there are two conditions for tolerable biography of what may be called the practical class. Sufficient time should have elapsed to fix the historic importance of the personages, and the biographer must be a competent critic. Where the personages are the embodiments of historic periods in themselves as were Alexander or Hannibal or Cæsar or Napoleon, pure biography will be impossible. Their lives are only convenient modes of reading history itself. What we seem to mean when we speak of great biographies is that the biographer has succeeded in producing a character more or less like the imaginative characters in great fiction. The temperament, the opinions, the personal habits, the oddities and prejudices are reproduced by the intimate personal observer and sympathiser by much the same literary method that the novelist produces his effects. Most great novels are in fact biographies or autobiographies. Their titles are mostly proper names "Lives" of So-and-so, of "Tom Jones" of "Pamela" of "Pendennis" of "Copperfield" of "Beauchamp", and any number of the very best biographies might carry such a title as the "Egoist" because the egoism of the person whose biography is being written is precisely the

material on which the biographer is working. We have fewer great biographies than great novels, partly because the writer of biography is limited to the facts of his hero's life and cannot devise incidents at pleasure to realise his conception of the character; partly because after all the nearest approach to the ideal in actual life is always more remote than the unrestrained imagination of genius can bring it. Very seldom is it possible for the biographer to live so intimately with his real personage the hero as the novelist may with his imaginary characters. In proportion as this happens we get biographies that are permeated with personality and not more or less skilful narratives of external facts. Mr. Asquith mentioned the best of these; Boswell's "Johnson" and Lockhart's "Scott" are the types. We have not had any recent biographies that come within this class. Most of them have been what Mr. Asquith aptly describes as monuments which filial piety or misdirected friendship has raised to those who deserved and probably desired to be forgotten. The literary men, who have generally made the best biographies, have been of late too small to animate their friends with the necessary sentiment of hero-worship. When the friends have written their lives it has been rather for a small increase of their own literary reputation, or to claim the dead as partisans in some petty literary squabble. As to autobiographies there seems an even greater dearth. Mr. Asquith mentions none more recent than Mill's which appeared in 1873. We only wonder that Mr. Asquith should not have mentioned amongst them diaries like Pepys'; and surely the "Pilgrim's Progress" is as much an autobiography of personal mental experiences as Newman's "Apologia".

Very much of what may be said about the connexion of biography with the methods of fiction may be said of autobiography. The artistic imagination is necessary for success; and the connexion is seen very clearly in the use by great novelists of their own often thinly veiled personalities in their stories. It is even more difficult in the case of the autobiography to separate fact from fiction owing to the egoism of the writer. That is the drawback of it: truth is sacrificed to pose. Otherwise autobiographies would be the most valuable of human documents: certainly the most interesting, for a man ought to know himself as no other person can know him. Whatever may be the difficulties in creating masterpieces of biography or autobiography which shall live with posterity, there is no branch of literature which is less dependent for popularity on artistic merit than this. It is enough that it deals with personalities, with vices and weaknesses, with peculiar phases of thought, with indiscretions and foibles, and if the person portrayed cut anything of a figure in the world and has supplied copious matter, he may be sure of being remembered and read. The ignoble autobiographies like those of Rousseau or of Pepys are more sure of popularity than the noble ones like Augustine's or Newman's or Mill's. The love of gossip is ineradicable; it is the primitive impulse of this kind of literature. The mean, the petty, the ludicrous are always more vivid, more life-like than the noble; they are the elements of interesting gossip. Take most of the cases mentioned by Mr. Asquith—Haydon for example or Rousseau. Both were men in whom vanity was a disease, and they have written the most interesting autobiographies. Hazlitt that singular compound of genius and meanness was the very man for an autobiography. We like the abnormal, and the biography or autobiography which makes the fullest display of the aberrations of its subject is the one surest of fame. This is true from the "Petit Testament" of Villon and the Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, through Boswell and Haydon, down to the Letters of Marie Bashkirtseff.

#### FLORA AS THE QUACK'S DECOY.

"THE Language of Flowers: one a penny!" Naturally, a passing journalist would buy, hoping under providence that it was the article he wanted. But why on earth should anyone propose to sell or buy the language of flowers of all places in the world in Lombard Street? Of course a considerable percentage

of the black-coated black-hatted streaming crowd of men in a hurry must be poets or novelists, to whom the thing would come in as handy as a rhyming dictionary or polite letter-writer, dear familiar instruments of that literary craft which owns its votaries, sometimes shamefaced and taciturn, sometimes all too expansive, wherever five or six (at the most) are gathered together. Still it can hardly be thought that many would invest in such a purchase except with sentimental design—and sentiment in Lombard Street! It is true that even in Lombard Street petticoats are to be seen, on one in a hundred of the passers-by, and perhaps all the more romantic for their rarity. At all events stock-brokers, and all those mysterious persons who are "something in the City", have their young (or middle aged) affections like the rest of us and take delight in the same observances. It is quite pretty, when you come to think of it, to contemplate the picture of one among these hurried individuals pausing in his career from telephone to telephone in order to procure the lore which shall enable him to indite a message full of the poetry of scent and colour.

Unhappily, the surest way to destroy romance is to look at any recipe for producing it: and the language to which this penny pamphlet furnishes a dictionary is for the most part a means of communication as arbitrary and unpoetic as the Morse code. Flowers of course have a natural significance written on their faces, as Perdita knew when she held that "flowers of middle summer" were such as should be given to men of middle age: but craved for her young prince quite other blossoms "I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might become your time of day". Of this natural symbolism the code keeps still, it is true, some traces, just as language retains in certain words the primitive relation of sound to sense. Rosemary with its clinging odour stands to all time for remembrance: the blue-veined white violets "violets dim, but sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath" are still the symbol of modesty, as the June lily is of purity. Crown imperial for majesty is good canting heraldry, and it needs no great stretch of imagination to associate the ice plant with coldness. But when the stockbroker's companion exhorts him, as it does, to communicate in the medium of *eschscholtzia*, *chorozema varium*, *apocynum*, *hortensia*, *Kennedia*, and sweet-scented *tussilago*, he is carried far beyond the limit of natural symbolic fancy. The only plan for him will be to provide his innamorata with a copy of the code and even so his missives will run grave risk of misconstruction. For instance, flowering almond, we read, stands for hope, but floral almond signifies perfidy while common almond denotes indiscretion and stupidity. Now we all know the almond of which Katharine Tynan sings so charmingly:

"Pink snow upon the branches,  
Pink snowflakes falling down,  
In rosy avalanches  
Upon the dreary town."

But whether that almond be common or uncommon, flowering or floral (a nice distinction) not all of us could decide. The stockjobber will need to complete his purchase by a duplicate copy of some botanic manual. There is a whole florist's catalogue of roses with a distinct meaning attached to each: yet it needs revision. What is the precise code value of a William Allen Richardson?

Worse, much worse, is the possibility of not being understood at all. To signal unutterable things and be met with civil thanks for a bouquet would surely madden the meekest: and yet even that would be far less annoying than to incur the reproach of lacking taste. No one would for æsthetic reasons combine variegated tulips and purple violets and yet that is what you must do to convey so ordinary a message as M. Jourdain's "*Vos beaux yeux me font mourir d'amour*". To complete the Alexandrine by adding "*Belle Marquise*" it would be necessary to provide some *Cattleya Pinoli* (matronly dignity), a flower unfamiliar to the writer of these lines, but impressive as a combination of vocables. It does not however equal *Dipladenia crassinoda*—which means "you are too bold"—and a very crushing way



of saying it, if the flower be at all congruent to its designation.

It is to be feared in short that a complete mastery of this language can be expected of few. Yet to be entirely ignorant of it is not exempt from danger. There was once a blameless bachelor for whom his housekeeper conceived a violent passion, and after a time declared it. His unfeigned astonishment was met with reproaches. Had he not accepted the buttonholes which she had laid upon his dressing-table and worn them, knowing well their purport. In vain he protested. People were not so ignorant as that. The danger cuts both ways, for a certain Trejago in one of Mr. Kipling's stories (written in days before the responsibilities of adviser in chief to the Empire sat so heavy) got into trouble by knowing too much of this lore; and Kim had occasion to feign ignorance of it. In India doubtless a code of the kind, though limited probably to more familiar objects and uncomplicated by *Dipladenia crassinodas* and the like, is still current. But among us the penny post is supreme and the proved discretion of S. Martin's-le-Grand makes these subtler methods of communication a trifle superfluous. Still, they have a charming old-world flavour about them, and it is pleasant to find them recommended to Lombard Street.

Misericorde! The flower dictionary was an advertisement in disguise. And an advertisement of cures! You get a romantic stockjobber on his knees, and remind him of sciatica! You send him out to gather blossoms in the dew, and then speak to him of rheumatism! You play upon his young affections, only to pave the way for a pill! Will men really stand this? Surely whoever was seduced into buying this sentimental *vade mecum* and discovered the abominable design would swear a great oath that though he should be racked like Caliban with all the cramps in Prospero's spellbook never at least would he touch this particular nostrum.

And yet people are so oddly constituted that apparently this kind of advertisement is efficacious. It pays—presumably—to stick up staring placards in every meadow by the Thames earning the execration of every civilised human being who sees them. It pays to interrupt a man in his reading with a metaphorical nudge to bring before his notice a cocoa or a gas-stove. The advertiser cynically takes the measure of human intelligence and declares that it is not only tolerant of but even grateful for the interruption. The whole theory of advertisement is based on the supposition that human beings in the lump are fools and so there is really no absurdity in dressing up the proclamation of some patent remedy as a key to the language of flowers: although the only flower in the herbal that has any relevance to the matter is liverwort, whose signification is as appropriate to quack medicines as its name; for liverwort spells confidence—the confiding folly of the purchaser, the confident impudence of the vendor.

#### GOTHIC AND THE ARCHITECTS.

I WAS delighted to see Mr. Blomfield's name at the bottom of an assault upon my discussion of this subject,\* because I am too often in agreement with him in artistic matters to get the benefit of his criticism. But after anxiously feeling all the joints attacked I am a little disappointed.

1. I think under this head Mr. Blomfield re-establishes the haze. To meet my argument he must tell us definitely (a) What there is in Gothic vaulting that is incongruous with modern religion. (b) What are the new features in modern religion which cannot express themselves in Gothic.

The point about cathedral and church is a perfectly just one. I cut out a passage about this, for reasons of space; it seemed to me that the mediæval communal cathedral, with its great nave, had allowed for the uses of meetings poms and ecclesiastical exchange very fully, with as little damage as possible to the church. It is a quite possible line to take that the church or worshipping-place should be sacrificed to

other uses of the cathedral. In mediæval times the church also seems to have served the various uses of court, hall, and even theatre and dancing place. It is perhaps a pity that now in the villages its uses are so restricted.

2. There was no begging of the question. My contention was that the argument against the use of Gothic from the analogy of language was fallacious. It was no part of my contention that Gothic was the only possible religious architecture. I asked why it was not one of those possible.

In the matter of domestic Gothic I was not so foolish as to deny that such domestic architecture as there was in mediæval times clothed itself in decoration borrowed from the church style; at a pinch people live in church or worship in a shop; I denied that the church style was well fitted to domestic use. Domestic convenience in architecture is something that modern times have developed, just as mediæval times developed religious solemnity. But the moment a pressing need arose for a kind of building that the church style could not meet the characteristic features of Gothic construction were cast to the winds. Pierrefonds, to which Mr. Blomfield refers me, will illustrate this admirably. In that château-fortress the structure depends not on arch and buttress, but on solid wall, that solidity replacing the attenuated Gothic screen. And the wall, instead of being pierced by the greatest number of the largest pointed-arched openings possible, is pierced by the smallest number necessary of square-headed slits. The châteaux of feudal lords were of course no more "colloquial" in style than are royal proclamations.

3. I was forced to be summary, but not quite so summary as Mr. Blomfield makes me. The exhaustion of architecture, I said, was in its main lines. The main logics of building with the old materials have been explored in what we call the "styles". That is why a new style is hardly to be expected. When a designer attempts to express the thing given him to do, an irresistible logic carries him towards one of the ancient styles, while there is infinite work for his invention in recombining its material of construction and expression. But if he attempts to express not the thing, but "himself", the result is "art nouveau".

As to the possibilities of steel construction I said the exact reverse of what Mr. Blomfield makes me say. I allowed that a new style might be developed from girder and cantilever, but I expressed an amateur's diffidence about this style superseding the older styles for church building, and I observe that the professional always shows the same diffidence in practice. The modern architect covers up his steel girders and cantilevers as the Roman architect his concrete, with a facing of the older architecture. When the engineers leave their monster spans in gaunt simplicity, as in some railway stations, these structures have their impressiveness. When architects also leave the steel confessed and exposed, employed not only as construction but as decoration, the new style will come down from the clouds of pious opinion. My own doubt of its beauty is founded not on the Old Testament but on the qualities of steel as compared with stone. An ironclad is impressive through its force and admirable in its efficiency for a purpose in which efficiency is everything and beauty nothing: but no one pretends that the ironclad is as beautiful as the wooden sailing-ship.

4. Mr. Blomfield agrees except on a minor point. He will see, if he re-reads, that I did consider Gothic, and pure Gothic is the style that lends itself most to the nothing-but-construction theory of architecture. If the theory fails here it fails everywhere. I suggest that there is in a "style" a designer's and decorator's logic that starts from, but is not the same thing as, the constructor's logic.

Then there is the point about the freedom of the artist. The architect, surely, is not a free artist in the sense in which many modern painters and sculptors are free. The latter may produce to please themselves and put their wares on the market for the buyer to take or leave. The architect, except when he builds a house for himself, builds under the orders of a client. He may persuade the client to give him a great deal of freedom; he may throw up the job if the directions go

\* See Correspondence Columns, p. 650.

against the grain too much, but he cannot claim the right to make his client build something he does not want to build. The portrait painter and sculptor who work to commissions are in the same position, though not so deeply involved, because utility does not enter into what is commissioned of them. To take Mr. Blomfield's illustration, the committee for a public monument certainly have a right to control and do control the subject's clothing unless the sculptor persuades them to the contrary. If Mr. Blomfield were on such a committee and found that the sculptor was rigging up a modern statesman in a toga, a doublet or a figleaf it is not improbable that he would call upon him to revise his ideas. He would keep the same right in reserve in commissioning his own portrait. We may regret the limits on architectural freedom of creation, but there is no use in ignoring them. This however was not the point I wished to make. I meant that in discussing the general grounds for Gothic or not Gothic at the present time, the professional question is a side issue.

And now a word as to my own position, since Mr. Blomfield refers to that. I am as strongly as any of the architects against what I take to have been the committee's desire, namely a pedantic reproduction of a thirteenth-century Gothic church. But as an interested observer I wanted to get at the real reason for the determination of many architects to rule out Gothic from the sources and models of twentieth-century church-building. A number of the reasons put forward seem to me shaky; I do not know whether my "generalisations" were "breezy", but I certainly dislike foggy generalisations, loose thinking, and bad reasons even for a good cause. The most valid reason I could discover was that Gothic architecture requires a complexity of artistic organisation depending on a community and fervour of spirit we cannot at present command. But when I reconsider this argument, it too appears shaky, and Mr. Blomfield ought to have shown up a confusion at this point. For the argument covers the sculpture, painting, and so forth of Gothic buildings, which certainly count enormously in the emotional expressiveness of those buildings, but are not, to an architect, their essential characteristics. We are reduced, I think, to recognising an irrefutable wind of fashion, which finds illusory reasons for blowing as it lists. Architects feel "stale" about Gothic. Just when, knowing all about it, they would seem to be in a position to drop pedantic reproduction and develop its spirit of design from within, discouragement falls upon them; they want to be off and try again in comparatively fresh material. Gothic seems poisoned and infected by all the accumulated stupidities of its revival, the old churches defaced, the new intolerable with caricatures of detail. Moreover the new cathedral comes once in a blue moon, and architects are busy and interested in something else. It was one thing for architects to build a cathedral in their stride, when such buildings were pushing up in every diocese with scores of conventual churches in between, and with the excitement of developing along novel lines of which the end was not foreseen; it is different to get out of quite another stride and develop momentum for a single occasion by a return to old sources on lines where there has been so much disillusionment.

I did not intend to speak of my own predilections, but I am no fanatic for Gothic or any one example of Gothic. It seems to me that the Gothic designers pushed their curiosity of logical construction too far in reducing the wall and multiplying the windows. But I think that in their invention of the pointed arch and vault they hit upon a strain in religious architecture which is eternally expressive; as much so to-day as seven centuries ago. I want to know why Mr. Blomfield considers it antiquated and inexpressive for moderns. If he will tell us this (not "*ex cathedra*" i.e. pledging his faith as an architect, but by giving reasons), he will advance the discussion of a perplexing business.

I have small space left to consider Mr. Coleridge's eloquent and ingenious argument, but I will say shortly that I think he limits too much the expressive elements in architecture, and demands too constant and too exact a significance from the one he chooses. The

sense of weight and of balance, whether in purely athletic or in remoter associations is one of the chief sources of expression, but in Egyptian architecture the sense of massive dense solidity is surely stronger. The effect of the proportions of space superficial or in depth, of height and rhythm as emphasised by the repeated perpendiculars of a colonnade, or the play of light and shade are other sources of the complex expression of architecture. Again Mr. Coleridge's formula will not work consistently, for one of its terms does not vary directly with the philosophical mood of the time. The weight of roof upheld in a Greek temple is inconsiderable, the superincumbent mass in a Chicago sky-scraper is enormous, but these weights do not vary with the burden of the mystery as felt by the Greek and the American architect. Indeed the argument depends too much on the analogy by which a mystery is sometimes spoken of as a weight. It may also be spoken of as a knot or tangle and if we took this as our single clue we should arrange styles of architecture as expressive according to the dark intricacy of their planning.

D. S. M.

#### MOB RULE IN OPERA.

THIS Review has consistently advocated the establishment of a permanent opera in London. Whether it should be under the rule of the Government or the County Council appears to me a question of secondary importance. I have always assumed that the Government or the County Council would some day do its duty—that our permanent opera would be properly conducted, without scandals, and with due attention given to artistic matters. But now, I say with regret, doubts begin to arise in my mind as to whether any public body could look after so complicated a machine as an opera house. The judicious storms and fogs which have lately reigned triumphant over England and the Channel have kept me in a northern provincial town of France—that shall here be nameless; and opportunities have thus been given me of studying with a closeness hitherto impossible the working of precisely such a system as I have long wished to see established in London. First, let me describe how this system works out here. Of course much that I shall describe is quite familiar to "One of the Syndicate" and other similarly equipped "experts"; but probably few of my readers have looked so carefully into the machinery as I have recently.

In our town, then, the municipal council and its representative the assistant-mayor are supreme. The directors of the opera are elected by the Council, and after that a certain amount of power rests in their hands. They choose, for example, their artists. But each singer must appear three times in principal rôles, and then the public "votes" for or against him or her. The voting is conducted on a rudimentary plan. A commission is appointed to watch the proceedings; a gentleman in authority says to the public at the end of the particular opera selected for the evening: "Gentlemen and ladies, you have now heard this artist: will you kindly declare whether or no you desire him (or her) to be retained." Thereupon the public applauds or hisses and whistles; generally one section does the one thing while another does the other; and finally the commission counts the votes, that is to say estimates whether the majority of the audience wants or does not want the artist. From one point of view the scheme is excellent. An artist, once chosen, cannot be jockeyed out of his or her parts at the caprice of the other artists, or of the directors, or of some grande dame who may happen to have taken a box for the season. These things occur in Paris, in London, but we never hear of them in our town; once selected, the artist is secure for so long as the public likes him. On the other hand, the amount of corruption is enormous. The chef of the claque of our town calls upon every artist, and if he is not given his fair fee—anything from twenty to one hundred francs—he says frankly, "I must have my pay, or my men will whistle and hiss you"! It may be that the commission and the assistant-mayor know of this, and allow for it, but I have my doubts. And the chef of the claque is not the only enemy of each artist: each artist



is the enemy of each other. At the beginning of each season it is quite unnecessary for the chef of the *claque* to make his round. The artists make their rounds, not only paying to be loudly applauded, but paying also to have their rivals, or the rivals of their husbands or wives, vigorously whistled at and hissed. And after the chef of the *claque* and the rival singers have been dealt with, there remains the director. The director has his little game to play. He has a subvention of £8,000 (sterling) from the municipality; but, broadly speaking, the profits remain with him. Consequently he tries to get his artists as cheaply as possible. If he has engaged an artist at (say) one thousand francs a month, and he fears he may not "see his money back", at the second *début* he sends a few men into the theatre to hiss, and then goes to the unlucky artist, saying, "You have heard: the public do not much care for you; on the strength of to-night's hissing I might easily break my contract with you; but if you care to stay on at eight hundred francs etc.". In our town this plan is worked systematically, with admirable results—for the director. But chef of the *claque*, fellow-artists, the director, these are not all: the public, the genuine public, must finally be reckoned with. And how reckon with such a public as that of our town? The public is not compelled to hear a singer three times before condemning him. The singer may have behaved admirably on his first two appearances; on his third, let us suppose, he does not feel very well, or does not sing in precisely the manner calculated to please our town. What, then, happens? Simply this: an audience that has never heard him before, howls and whistles and hisses at him; and the poor wretch is ignominiously expelled as incompetent. Only those who have visited our town on these days of judgment can form any idea of the rows that go on continually. Only two days ago I heard an excellent artist—an artist of established fame, a visitor from Paris—hissed because someone who did not know the music of the opera thought she meant an F sharp for a G. The artist scornfully regarded her audience and continued; and it is only fair to the public of our town to say that a dead silence fell upon the theatre and at the end of the act the artist was enthusiastically applauded.

The scenes on the nights when the talented public of our town makes its choice are simply disgraceful. I have never seen a prize-fight nor even a bull-fight, but it is easy to imagine the one and the other after seeing the evil passions of jealousy, envy, hatred, at work on these memorable occasions. Our town is perfectly assured that by these methods it gets the best artists obtainable; and it is well that it at least thinks so. No one not to the manner born can think so. The best artists of France never dream of submitting to so shocking an ordeal, no matter how high the salaries offered may be; and of the younger, or the second-rate, artists who do submit to it, many are eliminated by the industrious rancour of their rivals, and many again become too nervous amidst the storm of hissing and applause to do anything approaching justice to themselves. The truth is that with the exception of a few powerful artists who have established themselves here as favourites, we have to put up with singers of the fifth and the sixth rank. Our town does not object to this; every note sung a little out of tune affords one more opportunity of baiting the artist by whistling and hissing and yelling. A yet more deplorable result is shown in the choice of operas. The directors are obliged to produce two or three novelties each season, and it must be admitted that now and again a new work pleases the popular taste and remains in the repertory. But the operas that our town loves best are the threadbare productions of the last-century French school. An Italian work like "*Aida*" goes fairly well; a French work like "*Faust*" or like "*Mireille*" goes very well; but the genuinely popular things are the "*Hamlet*" and "*Mignon*" of Thomas, and the "*William Tell*" of Rossini. "*Hamlet*" our town will listen to for ever and ever. Although Wagner's "*Siegfried*" was given here for the first time in France and was patronisingly applauded, we love not Wagner: we give our preference to "*Hamlet*". "*Siegfried*" may serve for an "off" night, but for the gala evenings

give us "*Hamlet*". We come out then in our thousands, clad in thick fur-coats, looking for all the world like an audience of Polar bears; and we applaud, or hiss, or shout, for all the world like an audience of Polar bears. We are hopelessly retrograde, and we are proud of it. Are we not natives of our town, and is there in all France another town so intellectual, cultured, so delicate in its tastes as ours! When the larger world has forgotten Thomas, and Halévy, and Rossini, we will continue to listen to them, and we will condescendingly pity the larger world.

Already it has been my good fortune to listen to "*Hamlet*" and to "*La Juive*". "*La Juive*" was interesting—not only the opera, but the lady. We imported her from Paris. She was very large, and filled the stage with her person as she filled the house with her voice. We were enraptured. We cheered her until we were hoarse; we applauded her vehemently until—on the occasion already referred to—we thought she had struck a wrong note, and then we whistled. The tenor, an old favourite and really an excellent artist, was more successful: not only was he continually applauded, but never once did anyone venture to hiss. The bass, a very splendid artist, better than most of the basses we hear at Covent Garden, had very good luck: he was only moderately applauded, it is true, but no one hissed. So much for the artists, and as for the opera, it pleased me to hear it once again. It is monotonous, tedious, terribly long, yet one finds here and there the new musical movement pushing through the commonplace threadbare texture of the stuff. Halévy was certainly not the father-in-law of Bizet for nothing. As for "*Hamlet*", it is an abominable work. There are agreeable fragments from Wagner, Gounod, Halévy, Rossini and other composers; but they are not even ingeniously incorporated in the general mass of stupidity and dullness. This opera is popular in our town and in every town like ours in France; and I own that an explanation of the fact is totally impossible for me. The French have not and have never had any musical taste—as Rousseau told them, more than a century ago; but one would expect even a public of boorish Polar bears to know better than to like the inanity of "*Hamlet*". "*Mignon*" is weak, but pretty, and can be heard with a certain degree of pleasure; but not "*Hamlet*". It is pretentious, and every big point fails. Even the little songs are so badly made that they always fail. But we love it in our town, and we will always love it.

These are the results, then, of mob rule applied to opera. If we have a permanent opera in England, is it to be conducted in similar fashion? I hope not, for I do not believe that the taste of the average English greengrocer is more highly developed than the taste of the bourgeoisie of our town. Better the stodgy opera of the Grand Syndicate, better no opera at all than such an opera as this. If we get an opera in England, no mayors, no public must have any voice in the management; it must be an autocratic institution ruled by a strong man. It will be almost as difficult to find our man as it will be to found an opera; but he will be necessary. The English public must be educated; we cannot permit it to say what it wants and what it does not want. It must hear what is given it until it learns to like the best. Without that, we might as well go on as at present, with no opera whatever. The plan generally adopted in Germany is the plan for England. It has succeeded in producing some great composers of opera, and to-day it succeeds in obtaining admirable performances of old and new works. Even in Brussels, where the opera-house is hampered by two directors, one of whom has written too much—especially on Wagner—and the other too little—he cannot write his own name in full—it succeeds fairly well: "*Tristan*", "*Lohengrin*", "*Fidelio*", the whole of the "*Ring*" may be heard there. There, and not in French provincial towns, we will find a model for our national opera. J. F. R.

#### BOUGHT THEATRES TO BE RASED?

"BEYOND Human Power" has evoked duly the screams I had expected—the piercing screams of them who think that we should exclude from the

theatre anything that smacks of spirituality, anything how remotely soever connected with sacred subjects. There is no doubt that this prejudice is held by the majority of people in England. I could respect it (though I could not endorse it) if it were based on a sentiment that religion is so delicate a subject that to speak or think of it anywhere except on consecrated ground, and on Sunday, is a flagrant breach of good taste. But that sentiment is not generally held. Painters, composers of music, writers of books are all chartered to deal with sacred subjects—nay! are very practically encouraged to do so. The clumsiest and most undistinguished of these artists may, and do, earn most gorgeous incomes if they do but work on sacred themes. Alone among the arts, drama is warned off these themes. Why this peculiar snub? Perhaps I were more accurate in saying that it is not drama, but the theatre, that is snubbed. For in every decade the number of tourist-tickets issued here for Oberammergau is equalled only by the amount of "edification" which is supposed to be derivable from that famous undertaking in drama. A performance in the open air is one thing, a performance in a theatre is another. The open air is respectable, quite above suspicion. The theatre, on the contrary, is a place of evil fame, a very sink of iniquity, and dear haunt of devils. Shall we lure into that polluted atmosphere anything that we hold more or less sacred? No! a thousand times no! Such, evidently, is the popular sentiment. Those who believe that the English are a consistently moral race might deduce that we hate the theatre. In point of fact, even among the strictest of our sects, the number of people who hate the theatre is now quite infinitesimal. Nine out of ten English adults love the theatre fondly. And, oddly enough, it is ever the most passionately fond lovers of it who shriek loudest about its inherent vileness, its glaring unworthiness to be mixed up with aught that is reverend.

The most obvious example need hardly be named. You will guess at once who has been most frantically offended by Björnson's play, and in whose best manner is bemoaned the "introduction of the name of the 'Divine Master' in the Coullisses". Do not impute to me the error of treating Mr. Scott seriously as a critic of drama. As such (at any rate, since I came to years of discretion) Mr. Scott has always been negligible. He was (if he will pardon my anticipation of his retort) criticising plays when I was in swaddling-clothes; and I am quite ready to assume that in that period he really did take an intelligent interest in plays, and really did good work by fighting for the acceptance of a dramatic ideal higher than the ideal held by most of his contemporaries; but on this graceful assumption must be superimposed the clumsy bulk of a regret that never since I learned to read, and used this accomplishment on his copious output, has he written about drama one sentence which seemed to me fraught with the sense for understanding what is not stupid, or with the taste for appreciating what is not common, in dramatic art. I am glad to qualify this qualification. Full though they are of nonsense and bad taste, Mr. Scott's writings have always seemed to me worth more than the work of most of his colleagues rolled together. For Mr. Scott is a personality, a definite and unmistakable personality; and in all kinds of writing it is this which is of most account. I care little whether the personality be admirable or otherwise; my demand is that it be genuine and distinct. As revealing a distinct and genuine creature, Mr. Scott's work has always pleased me. Further, his enthusiasm for good acting I have always admired. Despite his occasional tendency to hail geese as swans, and swans as geese, I have always regarded him as a man more genuinely affected by good and bad acting than anyone else outside the histrionic profession, and better able to give clear, sound reasons for his preferences. I am amused to find in the article from which I have already quoted an assertion that "we come [to the theatre] to see acting first, and plays afterwards". That is delightful. Mr. Scott should not have hedged by adding "at any rate, we require the scope for the player's art, in the play". He should have had the full courage of his self-betrayal. Acting

first, plays afterwards—that principle has been the secret of his strength, not less than of his weakness. A man in whom such a principle is implanted cannot, of course, be taken more seriously as a critic of plays than can one who walks to the theatre on his head, not on his heels, and looks at the stage with his bootlaces, not with his eyes. Nevertheless, in his love of the theatre, and in his conviction that the theatre is so vile an institution as to be the one place in which "the name of the 'Divine Master'" cannot be spoken without profanity, Mr. Scott typifies the vast majority of his fellow-citizens, and is so far to be taken seriously. To him, therefore, as representative of the rest, I make a solemn appeal. He is not what is called a thinker, and an appeal in the form of an intellectual idea would be wasted on him. But a man of strong moral sense he is, and I put it to him, on grounds of morality: can he, being what he is, and knowing what plague-spots theatres are on the fair face of our civilisation, reconcile with his conscience his habit of creeping, night after night, to the play? Ought he not to mortify himself, ruthlessly eradicating from his nature this illicit taste? Ought he not to strive with all his might and main to eradicate it from others? Ought he to rest till every theatre in London and in the provinces is rased to the ground? And would not the load off his conscience more than compensate him for the sacrifice of a pleasant sin? Would he not, in fact, be truly happier than he is now?

It is a common trick of the man who knows he is not so good as he should be to drown the accusations of his conscience by accusing other men of naughtiness. Perhaps this consciousness of wickedness in going to the theatre is the reason which impelled Mr. Scott to charge the keepers of Mrs. Campbell's box-office with telling a falsehood—two falsehoods, indeed—on the afternoon of Saturday, 9th inst. "First, that there was not a spare seat or corner in the house. Secondly, that money was freely turned away." Mr. Scott managed to secure "an excellent seat immediately in the very front row of the dress-circle for 7s. 6d.". And he assures us that he found "dozens and dozens of empty seats" around him. This statement, unchecked, certainly makes a black case against the keepers of Mrs. Campbell's box-office. But fortunately I can check it somewhat. I, too, was at the *matinée* of Saturday, 9th inst., and was surprised (considering the nature of the performance) to see not a single seat vacant. I do not ask you to doubt Mr. Scott's good faith. But I suggest to Mr. Scott that perhaps he, not having "booked" a seat, arrived early, and that the seats then vacant were merely awaiting people who had "booked" them, and who, unnoticed by him, arrived later. This is, at least, a plausible hypothesis, leaving unimpugned both Mr. Scott's veracity and my own. But the keepers of Mrs. Campbell's box-office are still cowering under the horrid suspicion of having had one vacant seat of which they at first denied possession. Let us be charitable to them, too. Let us credit them either with an oversight or with a praiseworthy desire to save Mr. Scott, despite himself, from going into a place which his better nature must have told him he ought to shun. And, finally, let Mr. Scott, if go to theatres he must and will, express merely his opinions of the players and (secondly) of the plays. To make assertions about audiences is not always a very safe or profitable game, as he has reason to know.

MAX.

#### ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH LAW.

WE cannot expect every Life Assurance Company to attain to quite so high a standard, or exhibit such phenomenal success, as two or three of the offices whose valuations we have recently examined. Were it not that a few companies are so extremely prosperous we should regard the position of the great majority of British Life offices as marvels of financial stability. Such in fact they really are, for, as de Morgan said long ago, "There is nothing in the commercial world which approaches even remotely the security of a well-established Life office". If a true



statement permitted of comparison, we should say that this assertion was truer now than when the great professor uttered it.

The returns of the English and Scottish Law Life Association illustrate the truth of this assertion. The liabilities are valued by the most stringent mortality tables, with interest at 3 per cent. The company is earning about  $3\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., thus showing a substantial margin for surplus; the expenditure provided for exceeds the expenditure that is being incurred by about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the premiums; and the mortality that is being experienced falls short of the mortality which the tables anticipate.

The whole condition of the office is thoroughly strong and sound, yet on the present occasion the bonus declared is much less than previously. In 1890 the bonus was a simple reversionary addition at the rate of £2 per cent. per annum; in 1895 it was reduced to £1 10s.; and in 1900 the bonus is apparently a compound reversionary addition of 16s. per cent. per annum, which means that it varies from 16s. on policies five years in force to 31s. per cent. per annum on policies in force for forty years. This decrease in the bonus is disappointing, and it is we believe the first instance in which an office which has made a feature of the Discounted Bonus system has been compelled to require the holders of such policies to make up the difference between the bonus discounted and the bonus declared. This fact illustrates the truth of a statement we have frequently made that the Discounted Bonus system, which anticipates future bonuses as a reduction in premium from the outset, while an admirable method of providing sound life assurance at the lowest cost, can most appropriately be adopted only by the very strongest offices. It ought to be clearly recognised that the contract provides that if a deficiency occurs, it must be made up by the policy-holder, either by incurring a debt upon the policy, or by paying in cash the difference between the premium required and the premium originally charged; but policy-holders are very apt not to recognise such perfectly just conditions as this, and to be disappointed when they are called upon to pay something more than they have been paying in the past. Such a feeling is natural but unreasonable, but at the same time it is well to realise the lack of reason in the average policy-holder, and not to make just demands which he is apt to consider ought not to be made. Considering the way things have turned out it is a pity that the English and Scottish Law Life adopted the Discounted Bonus system, but we do not see that they are to be blamed for so doing. The policy-holders receive 50 per cent. of the surplus from the Life assurance business, and the proprietors take the whole profits of the Annuity business, and 10 per cent. from the surplus arising from the Life assurance department. The company has a large proportion of non-profit policies, which is not as a rule the case with mutual offices; and it may therefore fairly be said that participating policy holders, whether paying full rates or Discounted Bonus rates, obtain their assurance at cost price, and no one can reasonably expect to obtain his policy on better terms than this.

When we attempt to account for the decrease in the rate of bonus declared we find that it is to a great extent due to the lower rate of interest that has been earned upon the funds. The difference amounts to about a third of 1 per cent. Speaking roughly this is something like £35,000, which accounts for a difference of fully 6s. per cent. per annum in the bonus, and would presumably have increased the bonus on policies of long duration to perhaps 36s. or 37s. per cent. per annum, and that on policies of short duration to 22s., as compared with the uniform 30s. declared in 1895.

A better method of bonus distribution has been adopted, and policies of long duration receive a larger bonus than they did five years ago; although policies which have been in force for only a short time receive much less than formerly. The gist of the matter is that superficially it is easy to find fault, but that when due consideration is given to all the facts there is little cause for disappointment. But for the fact that a few offices have recently been surprisingly successful, the achievements of the English and Scottish Law would have been regarded as conforming to a high standard of financial

stability, and might reasonably have been quoted as an example of successful management of a life assurance company.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### MR. SWINBURNE ON BOER TYRANNY.

We are asked to publish the following letter:—

To ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, Esq.

11 Gatefield Street, Crewe, 14 November, 1901.

SIR,—I deeply appreciate your courtesy in replying so fully to my letter. "Dams and whelps", fit subjects for extermination, suggested the meaning which I thought your lines might be made to yield, and I rejoice, while apologising for the dulness of my perceptions, that your letter dispels for ever from my mind, and possibly from the minds of others, any doubts or fears engendered by perhaps a hasty perusal of your verses. Forgive me for supposing so violent a construction possible.

Many of us who took part in the South African campaign, officers and men, made a host of juvenile friends among the poor little "whelps" and when we think of Piet and Hans and Jan, and the rest of the young barbarians with whom we played hide-and-seek, whom we taught English and who ran after us for sweets, just a little dash of sentiment, quite indefensible at the bar of cold reason, will assert itself when harsh terms are applied to them and to their mothers.

I have read with profound interest what you have said in your letter on the subject of tyranny. I loathe it—exercised either by kings or cabinets, priests or mobs. But I am not prepared to agree with your views on its exercise in South Africa. There we stand on very debatable ground. So many and so mutually antagonistic are the opinions which cluster round both the native question and that sweet word *helot* that one might almost say, *quot homines tot sententiæ*.

Again thanking you, I remain, yours sincerely,

DUNCAN C. McVARRISH.

### POST-OFFICE INEFFICIENCY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ridge, Capel, Surrey, 19 November, 1901.

SIR,—On the afternoon of Thursday, 7 November, I posted a letter in the pillar-box outside my gate. Half an hour later I saw the letter-carrier, whose business it was to collect the letters, arrive, and thus, as I thought, assured myself of the safe despatch of my letter. On the following day business took me to town. On my return home at night I was confronted with:—(1) a telegram, stating that the letter (which was expected) had not arrived and requesting me to come and set the matter right; and (2) the information that my letter had been seen that same afternoon in the letter-carrier's hands. Thus it had missed two collections. Eventually the letter was delivered in London (E.C. district) on Saturday morning.

Nor is this all. Six weeks before I had been assured by the postal authorities in London that they had taken steps to secure the regular collection &c. of the letters in the box in question.

These facts are so remarkable that I think the public should be informed of them, in order that they may realise the possibilities of inconvenience which lie concealed under the calm exterior of one of H.M.'s pillar-boxes. The letter was an important one; its non-delivery on Friday morning entailed grave inconvenience—inconvenience which I regret fell mainly upon the recipient, as I was beyond the reach of his telegram.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

W. BASIL WORSFOLD.

### A NOVEL THEORY OF REVIEWING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hull, 18 November, 1901.

SIR,—The SATURDAY REVIEW is admirable for its virile and scholarly articles and the sanity of its views

on public affairs, but it does not err on the side of charity, or even of fairness in its critical reviews. For instance, in the issue of the 16th inst. there is severity, not to say cruelty, in the strictures passed on "Despair's Last Journey" by D. Christie Murray. I do not know the book (although I mean to read it at the first opportunity) but from my knowledge of Mr. Murray's other works I feel bound to dissent from your dictum that there is "no trace of distinction or wit" in his latest book, and I trust you will pardon me for doing so.

I have read nearly all of the books published by Mr. Murray, and, while I admit they are not of a uniform excellence, yet I hold that the most inferior of them possesses qualities which would more than justify its publication. As for the worthier books they are of a high quality indeed. I read "Rainbow Gold", my favourite, fifteen years ago, and I remember how my boyish imagination pictured that quaint old rascal as represented to the life (Tom Bowling). Since then I have twice read it through. In Mr. D. C. Murray's books generally there is a somewhat cynical but delightful humour, a vigour of phrase-making, a felicity of description, whether of person or place, a knowledge of human nature, and a consistency of conception and execution which, to my mind, stamp Mr. D. C. Murray as an exceptionally able novelist, one who deserves, if he does not receive, wide popularity. I may say that I have no personal acquaintance with this writer, and would not know him if I saw him.—Yours, &c.

W. J.

[Would it not have been wise on our correspondent's part to read the book before dissenting from our view of it? The SATURDAY REVIEW does not publish opinions of books it does not know; nor does it take a particular work on trust in the writer's general record.—ED. S. R.]

## ON THE STYLE OF A TWENTIETH CENTURY CATHEDRAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 New Court, Temple, 12 November, 1901.

SIR,—Your contributor D. S. M. has endeavoured to clear away misconceptions in this controversy, and to unearth that small residuum of commonsense which he supposes architects to possess, doubtless a difficult task; but the result hardly equals the intention. Your contributor has set himself at the point of view of the Liverpool Committee, but in actual fact he himself appears to share their peculiar views of architecture.

He has summarised the contentions of architects under four heads: (1) architects' contention "modern life and thought are so different from those of the thirteenth century that a church of the thirteenth century must be hopelessly antiquated in the twentieth". To this D. S. M. replies by saying that religion is "an activity of the soul" and as such is unchanging, and therefore the architecture that accompanies it requires no change from mediæval precedent.

But unless D. S. M. is prepared to maintain that the precise forms and expressions of this activity and its subject matter never alter from one age to another, his argument falls to the ground. He would appear to conceive of religion as a department of thought and emotion shut off by itself from the rest of life, and not as intimately connected with it at every point. He seems to treat it as sporadic in its appearance and reappearance and more or less as a technical affair. It is not apparent why progress should be limited to "material improvement", and to say, as D. S. M. does, that "modern thought" either does not include religion or must place itself in the position of the ages when religion was "understood" is an irony too subtle for the plain man. Incidentally I may point out that D. S. M. seems to treat church and cathedral as convertible terms.

(2) Architects' contention, "As we do not speak the language of the thirteenth century, we cannot express our ideas architecturally in the language of Westminster Abbey".

D. S. M.'s reply is that in serious poetry we practically do revert to the language of Chaucer, and that therefore for religious purposes we should continue to use the language of Westminster Abbey and that only. This reply surely begs the whole question at issue; viz. whether there is another possible expression of religious ideas than Gothic. Moreover it is not a question of "rewriting" as D. S. M. puts it, but of finding fresh expression for fresh ideas.

In reference to another argument, (not a very sound one) D. S. M. remarks that Gothic was "developed expressly for sacred buildings, and was never really fitted for domestic ones". That it is not so now we all admit, but that it was not so when Gothic was a vital force is simply contrary to the facts of history. There is not much "colloquialism", to use D. S. M.'s own expression, about the castles of La Roche Guyon or Pierrefonds.

(3) Architects' contention, "Let the architect express himself". Here again architects are dealt with in very summary fashion. "Architecture" says D. S. M. "is a complete and exhausted art" and the girder and the cantilever are no motives for inspiration. May one ask why not? Does D. S. M. share the view of the critic who rejected the use of steel construction in architecture because it was not referred to in the Old Testament? To the mind of the architect there are possibilities of noble construction still untouched, which might escape the notice of the amateur, and on which one might suggest that the amateur might speak with diffidence. D. S. M. has perhaps an idea in the back of his mind that architects have nothing to express; but that is no reason why in clearing the air he should again go very near to begging the question.

(4) Certain architects suggest that we are to get architecture by suppressing the designer. D. S. M. has very little difficulty in disposing of this somewhat crude view; but in doing so, he hazards the extremely dangerous generalisation "that no great style has been made by construction alone". How about Gothic architecture itself?

This concludes D. S. M.'s process of clearing up the various fallacies of architects in regard to Gothic; but he adds further on, "Professional talk about committees having no right to dictate a style is beside the mark". Why beside the mark? Would D. S. M. consider it right for the committee of a public monument to dictate the treatment of his subject to the sculptor, even to the cut of his hero's coat and the curve of his hat brim? I do not take it so from D. S. M.'s career hitherto, as a resolute champion of artists, but perhaps he would exclude the architect from the category of artists. D. S. M. has taken up the position of the Liverpool Committee with a vengeance. He has even followed them in their audacious dogmatism that S. Paul's, for instance, is no match for the Abbey in religious effect. *De gustibus non est disputandum*, the decision as to points such as this must be left as a matter of personal equation, but views as to the theory and meaning of architecture held by men who have thought on the subject are not to be dismissed ex cathedra by breezy generalisations without foundation in history. It is a matter of surprise that a writer of the proved ability and attainments of D. S. M. should have so far missed the point in the recent controversy as to Liverpool Cathedral, and I am tempted to hope that he may explain his somewhat cryptic utterances on the subject. At present he has done little but darken counsel on a matter in which the public badly needs enlightenment.

Your obedient servant,

REGINALD BLOMFIELD.

[D. S. M. deals with the points raised in Mr. Blomfield's letter on page 645.—ED. S. R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Assize Court, Brecon, 11 November, 1901.

SIR,—May I be permitted to supplement the interesting article by D. S. M. in your issue of 9 Nov. with a few remarks on architecture as a form of expression? I do not imagine that anything I say will interest either the



mayor, the town councillors or the committee of the Liverpool Cathedral. But there are others. Architecture is always a science and sometimes an art. It is always a science because a building erected without knowledge will collapse. It is sometimes an art when it advances from mere utility to become a form of expression. The true function of architecture as an art is to deal with weight significantly, and so it comes to pass that every great structure is a lasting index of the builder's mind, for he so treats the physical pressure earthward of the stone as to symbolise the spiritual oppression of the mystery of created things upon his heart. The vast and solemn edifices on the banks of the Nile fill the eye of the traveller with an instant sense of overwhelming unendurable weight. The terrific mass above has seemingly forced the supporting columns to budge, and the external walls to spread apart at the base. Every line of the awful perspective enforces the parable and we see the builder's soul watching with terror the certain approach of death, gazing with appalled aspect into the gulf of annihilation. From the pediment and frieze of the Parthenon we receive an impression of great mass and weight, yet we observe them to be held aloft without sense of oppression by the straight and noble shafts, that speak eloquently in every line of a burden easily met and royally borne. Thus did the Greek builder everywhere symbolise the spirit of his race, that looked into the mystery of death and life with a calm and fearless eye, supported and consoled by a divine philosophy. The buildings of the Moors display the peculiar characteristic of cheating the eye with an affected defiance of the law of gravitation. Portions of the structure overhang, or even depend, with no visible support, being in fact keyed and suspended by methods concealed. Thus did the followers of Mohamed express in every gateway the fatalism of their creed, and, by appearing to ignore the very quality of weight in their architecture, symbolise their acceptance without inquiry or complaint of whatever they could not explain, an acceptance which found its expression in their doctrine of "Kismet". And in the Gothic glories of the Western world we see the weight of the great fabric visible, manifest, indeed, but serving only to enforce upon the eye the upward energy of the supporting members. The rising lines suggest such exuberant motion skyward as finds its necessary fulfilment in spires and pinnacles carrying nothing, whose sole function is to express aspiration: so did the Christian builders testify to the faith that was in them—a faith that overcame death and regarded this world but as the vestibule of another, that suffered with impatience the burden of the flesh, looking steadfastly towards heaven and a life eternal. And this clear signification can be found in all architecture of whatever school or age. To any who would seek its symbolism even the monotonous vista of the Cromwell Road may speak with no uncertain accent of the dreary days of darkness when the crinoline deformed the fairest works of God, and all men praised the works of Martin Tupper. And to come to the immediate present, in the Imperial Institute may be observed an epitome in stone of the modern mind: no lively faith, no benign philosophy, no terror, no fatalism, find their single expression there. A sense of faded memories of each and all pervades the melancholy edifice: and as we turn away there seems to fall upon the ear a confusion of pathetic echoes. If then the new cathedral at Liverpool is to fulfil its true function as a form of expression, let the mayors, town councillors, and committee-men presume not to dictate to the architect how best he may leave a record in stone of the spirit of our times or the yearnings of his own heart. For be sure if left alone the true architect, unconscious of the exposure of his soul, will ever stand self-revealed. Something there is within him, not himself, that guides his hand when building to trace the station of his mind as he broods on the mystery of his being. He is an automaton, as is the bee that forms its cells in hexagons, fulfilling the behest of the power that out of time and out of space ordains the glorious order of the world.

Your obedient servant,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

## REVIEWS.

### LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

"The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen." By R. Barry O'Brien. London: Smith, Elder. 1901. 10s. 6d.

THE newspapers have made full use of their privilege of quotation in "reviewing" this life of the late Lord Chief Justice Russell. Yet there are so many well-told anecdotes and skilfully described "scenes" that it is quite possible they have still left for the reader who goes to the book itself something which cannot be quoted. Mr. O'Brien has done an admirable piece of work and produced the best life of a lawyer that we remember to have seen. Biographies of lawyers cannot as a rule be recommended as inspiring reading. Most of them are too long and too dull. Since Lord Campbell's days the practice of writing at least two volumes has come into vogue. They are overloaded with accounts of cases in which no living person any longer takes an interest; or they are full of dull letters on politics in which after all the law officer or the chancellor, as the case may be, played only an insignificant part. Mr. O'Brien has not overdone his biography. He has written one volume, somewhat large, it is true, but there is not a dull page from beginning to end. Its literary workmanship is unimpeachable, if we except the introductory chapter which describes how he came to write Lord Russell's life, and the last chapter which leaves in absolute obscurity the reason of Lord Russell's sudden physical collapse.

In another matter too he strikes a completely false note. Mr. O'Brien is so fervid an Irishman and Catholic that he sees injustice to Ireland at every turn. He constantly exclaims in admiration of Russell that such was his genius, his indomitable spirit and courage, that he triumphantly overcame the disabilities of being an Irishman and a Catholic. Yet these were the very facts that were the basis of Russell's success, even admitting, as must be admitted, the qualities ascribed to him. Russell obtained his early small distinctions in Ireland by defending Roman Catholic rioters. He went to Liverpool with an introduction from Dr. Russell of Maynooth to a leading Roman Catholic solicitor there, who not only gave him his own business but secured him other clients as well. He found out what others have found at the English Bar, that there is no surer prospect of success than to be a member of a nonconforming body, if it is commercial and wealthy. Russell's early career was one of the easiest on record. During his first year he made £117 and he doubled his income each year until in the fourth year he was making over £1,000. In ten years he was making over £4,000 a year. It is true he had not by this time obtained a London reputation, but he was the leading Junior in the Liverpool Court of Passage and on the Northern Circuit. His contemporaries there were Herschell and Gully and neither of them rose so rapidly. There was a legend at the Bar, which Mr. O'Brien has exploded, that Russell at one time was anxious to obtain the Assessorship of the Court of Passage and settle down as a local judge. But he was then in large practice, and the £600 a year salary would have been in addition to and not in substitution of what he was earning at the Bar, as he could have held that post and practised as Recorders do. That Russell ultimately achieved his great triumphs as an advocate by sheer power of combined intellect and character does not need to be said to the generation of lawyers and the public who knew him in the Courts. But let us not take away that one consolation of the Junior Bar that the goddess of luck is the presiding genius of the profession.

Mr. O'Brien enables us to realise very vividly the splendid qualities which were the instruments of Russell's success. Whether his mind, however, was essentially a large one of the very highest order we have doubts. Outside his profession his distinction was not great. His intellectual interests were not wide, and he never appears to have said or written anything that denoted either subtlety or originality of thought. He was not eloquent, and he had a most un-Irish lack of wit and humour. He was not at all brilliant in the manner of some of the great Irish lawyers. But he was immensely egoistic and self-centred, intense,

strenuous, with an extraordinary power of concentration, and an abnormal desire and resolution to achieve a personal triumph and carry out his own will in whatever he undertook. He had the practical ability of the first-rate man of action rather than of the man of first-rate intellectual endowment. Lord Bowen said of him that he was an "elemental force", and fierce energy of character, positiveness, unrelentingness, indomitable will, carry a man further in the race of ambition than the greatest of brains without that driving force. We should say that Russell was distinctly Lord Bowen's intellectual inferior, yet it was Lord Bowen who said "Some of us may know more law, some of us may have what is called more culture, but Russell differs from us all at the Bar or on the Bench in this—he has genius". It was said of Lord Westbury that he was a genius who condescended to be a lawyer, and we cannot suppose that Lord Russell was as distinctly intellectual as Lord Westbury or as Lord Cairns. We can understand Lord Bowen's estimate only by recollecting that there is a genius of character, of energy, and of temperament as well as simply of intellectual capacity. This was Lord Russell's genius. He had will and energy in a remarkable degree, an abnormal development morally, but no such excessive development of any mental faculty as we usually term genius. All round mentally he was at a high level but not transcendent in any particular. That however must be understood of the practical faculties. He had no philosophy, even of law, and there is nothing to show that he had more than the most ordinary conventional notions on the higher questions of life. He read very little and he seems to have believed that "Locke on the Human Understanding" was a guide to all intellectual mysteries. This is significant: acuteness and shrewdness on quite a terrestrial plane are the notes of the book and the reader alike. Knowledge of everyday life was enough for him: if he learned more it was got up as he got up a brief. His international law he got up in this way and his famous address before the American Bar Association on that subject was an instance of his rare faculty for "cramming". He had begun to read it when he was appointed Attorney-General, but dropped it as soon as he left office until he took it up again for the American visit.

This narrow intensity, this dominating egoism and ruthlessness, this indifference to others, with the faculty of making the utmost of them for his own purposes, are the traits that mark every man of action in the proportion that he succeeds. Russell's character in these respects was well known. Mr. O'Brien does not shrink from giving numerous proofs of it. At the same time, when he was freed from the pressure of his own insistent desire for mastery he could be kind, amiable, and generous, but never very genial. Yet he could attach people to him if not exactly from love yet from admiration and respect, and by the pleasure which many people have of giving themselves up to the fascination of a strong character. It is somewhat "in the air" to compare a man who like Russell was at the Bar, where it is the use he can make of himself as an individual that gives a man success, with men who in a large sphere have the organisation and command and leadership of others. But we see in Russell a suggestion of the qualities which have distinguished such men, who have certainly not ruled by love but fear, though out of that very fear arose a personal devotion which a more amiable personage would never have won. He ruled attorneys with a rod of iron, but they cringed to him because he was indispensable. If his natural clientèle had been the House of Commons and the public, if he had been trained in politics and public life, had been in the position to make himself felt, we do not doubt that he would have impressed himself deeply on the country. As it was he was no more a successful politician or statesman than the average law officer. He did an immense quantity of political platform work especially on Irish questions, but, as Mr. O'Brien says, he almost always made the same speech. He was undoubtedly very useful to Mr. Gladstone. As a judge he attained almost the same distinction that he won as an advocate; but his career was cut off prematurely. His interest and importance are for this generation only.

Mr. O'Brien's book will delight readers until all those who knew directly or indirectly this masterful advocate have passed away.

#### THE REPUBLIC BEYOND.

"'Anticipations' of the Reaction of Mechanical and Scientific Progress upon Human Life and Thought." By H. G. Wells. London: Chapman and Hall. 1901. 7s. 6d.

THE New Republic is struggling to free itself from the mesh and fetter of Democracy. We trace the development of electric nerves, we watch the growth and extension of the arteries of traffic, we see the building up of nerve-cell into brain and ganglion. We are shown the new creature that, like the perfect insect, shall break through the structure of the cocoon that has supported it, and enter upon its life as a new being.

This is an extraordinarily brilliant book. And not brilliant merely, but built up on a foundation of profound scientific and historic knowledge. "Anticipations" analyses the social conditions existing to-day, estimates the worth of many new factors appearing and points to the lines of a synthetic reconstruction. Mr. Wells finds one of the chief factors in the present to be the development of rapid methods of transit, which will lead to the diffusion of the great cities over much wider and more thinly populated areas, areas half city and half country that he calls "Urban regions." London, for instance, will in the future throw out suburbs as far north as Nottingham and as far south as Exeter. But not only will this lead to the physical diffusion of cities, and the very many great changes in health and habits that that must imply, but in making us, for all practical purposes, sit down next door to the peoples of the East will by the consequent constant interchange of citizens lead to a demand for greater uniformity in legal systems. And, to give one instance, this might lead to a necessary legalisation of both Polygamy and Monogamy, or even other possible marriage contracts.

But the development of mechanism, of which locomotion is only one branch, has had another great effect, for mechanism has superseded the old labour base of the social pyramid, and has produced a class tending more and more to the Abyss of the unfit, the functionless excretion of the social organism. On the other hand, that other almost inorganic process, the organisation of wealth in the Joint Stock Company and the Trust, has created a class of shareholders—in which the old aristocracies become more and more merged—a class which has, qua shareholder, no function. But most important of the developing social elements is the middle class. "It is now, indeed, no longer a class at all. Rather all the definite classes in the old scheme of functional precedence have melted and mingled, and in the molten mass there has appeared a vast intricate confusion of different sorts of people, some sailing upon floating masses of irresponsible property, some buoyed by smaller fragments, some clinging desperately enough to insignificant atoms, a great and varied multitude swimming successfully without aid, or with an amount of aid that is negligible in relation to their own efforts, and an equally varied multitude of less capable ones, clinging to the swimmers, clinging to the floating rich, or clutching empty-handed and thrust and sinking down." Mr. Wells sees society then in a state of deliquescence, which with the increase of transit facilities will spread the world over.

But amid this deliquescence he sees the possibilities of a new synthesis, a thing altogether unprecedented, which will emerge as the New Republic and take control of the world. He sees the democratic, or wholesale age, as a transitory era, he analyses its life history, shows its necessary development as in America, but shows also the new type of organisation struggling within it. The new organisation is that of "an altogether unprecedented sort of man", the engineer type, the type of man scientifically educated and looking at the world from the scientific point of view. This type will include all the heterogeneous and vast multitude of the mechanics and engineers, using the words in their widest significance. This man will be necessarily educated, as distinguished from trained, by the greater



demands made upon him by the complex nature of his duties in the future. To the engineer will be drawn the doctor, the research worker in science, the scientific soldier, the scientific lawyer and administrator, all in fact who have the common bond of the scientific philosophy of life. And while these men are being drawn together by this strongest of all ties, the other classes will be progressing in delinquency. The engineer type will drift into organisations, at first informal, but increasingly more and more definite in their aims and then Mr. Wells prophesies—"in the shadow of war, it will become apparent, perhaps even suddenly, that the whole apparatus of power in the country is in the hands of a new class of intelligent, scientifically educated men". And then "there will be a time, in peace it may be, or under the stresses of war when the new Republic will find itself ready to arrive—". And then indeed it will begin. What life or strength will be left in the old order to prevent the new order beginning?"

Such is the prophecy of Mr. Wells, an anticipation which is based on a production of the lines of past development into the future. It is a prophecy, too, which must be accepted and discussed in a very serious way. For in his analysis of social elements Mr. Wells has torn to tatters the democratic assumptions, and displays to us a new world, with facts newly correlated and tendencies newly emphasised. Naturally there are a number of points that invite serious challenge. Is not the Trust magnate likely to have a very much more determining influence in the future than Mr. Wells imagines? He is able now to buy up many things, what is to prevent him buying up Mind, and pursuing a diplomatic policy calculated to keep himself in power? Nor can we think that the problem of the Native races is solved by merely opening the door to efficiency. There seem to be matters of far deeper import implicit in the question, a deep-seated racial antagonism, the subtle hatred of divergent types. And in the consideration of sex questions "Anticipations" is curiously blind to the woman's side of the problem.

But these are details; it is the main theses of the book that are of such surpassing interest, and the course of the evolution here sketched out, an evolution so stirring to contemplate, so exalting and inspiring in the infinite progress it unrolls in the future, has in it a great, a very great, measure of probability. It is a book which must necessarily move current thought, so much more deeply does it probe than the ordinary examination of Democracy. For most historians look so long backward in history that they eventually think backwards also; but this book reaches out into the future, is full of a strange hunger for the future, like the longing of a woman for her child. It is for the future that the men of the New Republic "will live and die". And from this earnest and profound study, surely there emerges some far-off vision of the Beyondman.

#### SACRED TO PHILOLOGY.

"King Horn: a Middle English Romance." Edited from the Manuscripts. By Joseph Hall. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1901. 12s. 6d.

DE QUINCEY once suggested with much humorous good sense that the material for philological instruction in our schools and colleges should be furnished not from the texts of authors of classical rank, the Dii Maiores of literature, but from those of inferior rank, the Dii Minores, that Silius Italicus for example or Quintus Calaber might with more propriety be resolved into corpora vilia for grammatical and etymological anatomy than Vergil or Homer. There would thus be less danger of young scholars coming to regard the classics as Byron tells us his school experience had taught him to regard Horace. The lines are well known:

"I abhor'd

Too much to conquer for the poet's sake  
The drill'd dull lesson forc'd down word for word  
In my repugnant youth. . . .  
Then farewell Horace whom I hated so  
Not for thy faults but mine."

In the case of the Greek and Roman classics there are obvious difficulties in the way of separating literary and philological study but in the case of our own literature there are not. And in all seriousness we see no reason why this should not be done. A cheap edition say of a portion of Professor Napier's "Blickling Homilies" and of the work before us would serve the purpose of philological teaching infinitely better than degrading Spenser Shakespeare and Milton into pabulum for such instruction.

"King Horn" belongs to a period in our literature which philology has marked for her own and in which she holds undisturbed, high carnival. The poetry and prose of the thirteenth century even when it is represented by such masterpieces as Layamon's "Brut", the "Ormulum", the "Genesis and Exodus", the "Owl and the Nightingale", the "Sawles Warde" and the "Ancren Riwele" is, it must be owned not exactly exhilarating or inspiring. It is hardly the sort of poetry which "is felt in the heart and felt along the blood", or the sort of prose which adds to the permanent treasures of memory. We resign it contentedly to philologists and to those who in Sir Vicary Gibbs' odd phrase can "eat saw-dust without butter".

The work before us is an edition of what is perhaps the earliest romance in our language, edited from the three extant manuscripts, one of which is in the British Museum and the other two in the Bodleian and Cambridge University Libraries. Mr. Hall has performed his task with an accuracy and thoroughness which fairly entitle him to the highest praise an editor can receive, he has produced an edition which can never be superseded and which must render any other a mere work of supererogation. Some notion of the scrupulous exhaustiveness of his editorial labours may be gathered from this that while the text of the poem fills 88 octavo pages, his introduction, notes and glossary fill nearly 300. He has not only noted and recorded every variant and peculiarity in the three manuscripts, but he has given elaborate dissertations on the phonology, the accent, the dialect, the metre and the story of the poem while voluminous notes and a complete glossary supply what remains for its elucidation. Whether what Mr. Hall has done was worth doing is a question which only those readers with whom Mr. Hall has no concern—namely those who are interested in literature rather than in philology—are likely to ask. Of this there can be no question, that what he undertook to do he has done in a way which reflects the highest credit on himself and on the institution which is responsible for the production of the volume. We cannot however forbear to add that, though we have no objection to seeing such a poem as "King Horn" so entirely subordinated to philological exegesis, we should be inclined to protest very strongly against any similar treatment of a classical poet.

#### DETAILS ABOUT ZWINGLI.

"Huldreich Zwingli, the Reformer of German Switzerland." By Samuel Macauley Jackson. "Heroes of the Reformation." London: Putnam. 1901. 5s. net.

THE personality of Zwingli is an unknown quantity to most of us. "To-day he is, even in Switzerland, a faint memory", says Professor Jackson, accounting for the fact by the overshadowing influence of Zwingli's great successor, Calvin. After reading Professor Jackson's book we feel that another personality has been added to our gallery, and that, even to a zealous Anglican, "Zwingli" need no longer be merely the verbal root of a controversial epithet. The story gives us a strong man of thought and of action, a man of strong loves and keen resentments, a clear-sighted patriot, a preacher of righteousness who was ready to face death for his preaching, a radical reformer who knew how to accommodate his unflinching purpose to the needs of practical prudence. Like our own More and others of his time, he loved Greek philosophy and music. Yet he was able, when the hour struck, to turn his mind from the humanities and concentrate it on Scripture and practical reform, while quenching his passion for music so far as to exclude it entirely from the Church Service at Zürich.

Men are still debating the problem how to adjust the interests of an enlightened humanism to the severities of religion, to reconcile the ideals of self-culture and self-denial. In that earlier day, therefore, when the household of the Church was distracted by revolution we cannot expect that Zwingli should have found a key to unlock the rooms of art, science and philosophy and throw them wide open to the central hall of religion. It would be interesting to dwell on some more of the inconsistencies (if they are such) which reveal the man, and, further, to show how he lacks the charm of Erasmus and the depth of Luther, and is a better religious statesman than either: but we must refer the reader to the biography of Professor Jackson.

The book is admittedly indebted to the German biographies and to the distinguished researches of Professor Egli of Zürich. It is also based upon an independent study of Zwingli's correspondence, which is copiously quoted. The facts are set forth faithfully and without "rhetoric", as the author claims to have set them forth: though parts of the last chapter show a breakdown of self-restraint. The author's plainness of diction sometimes oversteps the bounds of careful English (take such phrases as "where did Lent come in, any-way?"; "now all is up" in a translation of a hymn "during illness": "to break away entirely with Mother Church"). The book is well printed and has excellent aids to the imagination in the shape of numerous illustrations and a good map. Zwingli's "Theology" is relegated to a chapter at the end, a clear and concise summary by Professor Frank Hugh Foster, who cleaves to the documents throughout. There are also two appendices, containing translations of two representative theological writings of Zwingli. Professor Jackson has a kindly eye for the "general reader". He refers to him in the Preface, and evidently does not forget him: taking care, for instance, to explain how, even if it were true that some of the original Baptist "saints" were not entirely defensible in point of morality, yet "the modern Baptists are not responsible for the doings of their religious forbears". Here and elsewhere we seem to find symptoms of the ecclesiastical conditions in a country other than our own: but is even the American Baptist general reader so shy of theology that a great Reformer's biography needs to be largely expurgated of theological opinions? This indeed is not done with iron consistency. A good deal of such "doubtful matter" "tamen usque recurrit", refusing to be repressed till the final chapter. Yet the main narrative suffers from the system. It is one illustration of the lack of atmosphere, which we are inclined to complain of in this book. The general reader, we are sure, must feel the slightness of treatment meted out to the "New Learning", "Humanism", "Scholasticism", "The Gospel". There is too much mere allusiveness. The mental currents of the time are not vividly realised. True, Erasmus, Pico, Reuchlin, Wyttenbach and others are mentioned, but there is no sufficient effort to build up on these names a lively reconstruction of Zwingli's inner growth. Perhaps Professor Jackson leans on the excellent biography of Erasmus (by Professor Emerton) and the account of Luther (by Professor Jacobs), both in the same series. It is, indeed, clear that he is alive to the value of "atmosphere", for his "Zwingli" begins with a very interesting "survey" of Switzerland by Professor J. M. Vincent. We read here of the political condition of the country, and are really helped to grasp with some liveliness the ensuing story of Zwingli's attacks on the pensionaries: we are helped, too, to understand how the loose republican outlines of Swiss politics were reflected in Zwingli's theory of Church and State: we follow Zwingli as a patriot with heightened interest. But we are hardly introduced to the man as a keen theologian until we have read how his body was quartered by the hangman. Professor Jackson explicitly disclaims the intention of giving a history of the Reformation, even in Zürich. He means to give facts about Zwingli and facts from the letters. Yet we could well have pardoned a few pages of orientation as a substitute for the rather pedantic detail of such passages as:—"The Zürich Council agreed to accept the invitation, December 7th. Zwingli asked formal permission for himself and other scholars to go,

and the Council's formal affirmative answer was passed December 11th. On December 15th Zwingli was able to announce to Oecolampadius that all the preliminaries were then arranged", where each sentence is conscientiously guaranteed by a footnote reference to the authorities.

#### NOVELS.

"Duance Pendray: a Story of Jacobite Times in Cornwall." By G. Norway. London: Jarrold. 1901. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Norway has written a story, which contains many sensational incidents of the conventional order, but the small merits of his book are largely discounted by the unwarrantable liberties which he has taken with history. He seems to know something about Cornwall, though he is unable to imbue it with an ancient atmosphere, but his confused version of Jacobite proceedings would arouse the derision of any well-read schoolboy. Most of the incidents, which Mr. Norway has borrowed and distorted from history, belong to the Fifteen, but parts of the story seem to be allocated to the period of the Forty-five. The heroine's father escapes from Newgate with Brigadier Macintosh, thereby fixing the date of 4 May, 1716, but various indications imply that the author presumes himself to be dealing with the times of Prince Charles. In any case, he is not justified in starting a perfectly new theory that James III. was addicted to drinking and gambling, still less in representing this as the common report both of peasants and Court ladies. Nor can we imagine where he obtained his notion that Jacobite hopes were shattered by the battle of Sheriff Muir, which happens to have been indecisive and took place more than a month before the landing of James. Altogether this book is a very foolish production and cannot hope to hold its own among the crowds of inferior novels, with which the market is now flooded.

"The Little Saint of God." By Lady Fairlie Cuninghame. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1901. 6s.

This story of the Chouans means so well that we are reluctant to discourage the author, but we are bound to say that it leaves us very cold. It is best described as much ado about nothing. All the time we are being carefully prepared for great deeds and thrilling adventures, but somehow they always miss fire. The "Little Saint" is not little at all, but a big bouncing creature, almost a new woman. We are told over and over again that behold she is very good, but beyond persuading people to join the Chouans, she really does very little in the book. The villain too is unconvincing and we are confronted with the dilemma that he was either much wiler than the author was able to represent him, or else that the other characters were terrible simpletons to be taken in by him.

"The House with the Green Shutters." By George Douglas. London: Macqueen. 1901. 6s.

In spite of its title, which suggests detective melodrama, this novel has many merits. This is the more unexpected as the opening pages suggest that we have another example of the Kailyard school. We are told on an early page that "the thowless trauchle hadna the smeddum left to interfere". But fortunately it is Scotch character, not Scotch experiences which are the intention of the book. The pawky humour of the minor characters is excellently done and the grim obstinacy of the chief character brings about its own downfall with dramatic skill as well as poetic justice. Mr. Gourlay is one of the best bad characters we have read of for some time and his tragedy is told with reticence. Medea should not kill her children in the presence of the people.

"Dross." By Harold Tremayne. London: Treherne. 1901. 6s.

We cannot quite make up our minds whether Harold Tremayne is the nom de guerre of an old hand, or the patronymic of a newcomer, in the world of fiction. "Dross" is in some ways a remarkable novel, but it is unequal. Touches which suggest the expert hand appear on the same page with other touches which only the tiro would allow to stand. Mr. Tremayne however has a grip of his subject, and the power of



presenting a dramatic situation vividly. If it is a first novel, we shall look for considerable things from the same pen in the near future. "Dross" deals with unpleasant subjects. Yet it has one great merit. Unwholesome as its theme is, the subject is handled in such a way and the moral of it all is so implicit that it is calculated to do good rather than harm. In a word Mr. Tremayne is able to interest the reader in the surroundings of a vicious and beautiful woman without inspiring a semblance of regard for her. Her victims are our chief concern, and the final tragedy raises in us pity only for the noble man whose mistake in life was to love a woman as heartless as she was immoral.

"A Fool's Year." By E. H. Cooper. London: Methuen. 1901. 6s.

The main motive of this story is a strong indictment of American racing methods. Mr. Cooper evidently feels strongly on the point, and if such a scoundrel as Cyrus Hopper is a specimen of the American racing millionaire, we have reason to congratulate ourselves on the superior honesty of the Turf in England. It is a remarkably interesting story, and without pretension to literary exquisiteness it is well and forcibly written, with a certain grim humour and a sense of character which is always effective and sometimes admirable.

"Three Men of Mark." By Sarah Tytler. London: Chatto & Windus. 1901. 6s.

This is a harmless story written in Scotch, and full of local colour. The three men of mark are brothers, a professor, an admiral, and a colonel, all well drawn in a skimpy, feminine way. Why a lady who talks of a "partie quarrée" and "a mine of well-digested learning" should elect to make an elaborate study of a scholar, such as the professor is supposed to be, when her strength lies in the description of housewives and domesticity, is a mystery.

#### CATENA CLASSICORUM.

"Texts to Illustrate a Course of Elementary Lectures on the History of Greek Philosophy from Thales to Aristotle." London: Macmillan. 1901. 4s. 6d. net.

This selection bears evident traces of care and orderly arrangement. Whether the book will fulfil the hopes of its compiler, and prove serviceable to more advanced students and teachers who dissent from his views on Greek philosophy may be left to the judgment of time. The solid work of Ritter and Preller must still remain the storehouse of material for all who are interested in the subject. Besides, the order of arrangement in the present collection bears traces of those "heresies" to which the author good-humouredly refers in his preface. This is noticeably the case in the selections from Plato. But the more generous among the orthodox will not quarrel with Mr. Jackson for having forced them at times to reconsider their position; and every student of philosophy will be grateful to him for stimulating interest in those earlier phases of thought which are the ancestors of modern systems.

"Thucydides: The Athenians in Sicily." Edited by W. C. Compton. London: Bell. 1901. 3s. 6d.

The strong points of these selections from the VI. and VII. Books of Thucydides are the really valuable contributions to our knowledge of the topographical details of the ill-starred Athenian expedition, gathered by the editor during his visits to Sicily. The grammatical side of the notes is less satisfactory. The editor at times exhibits an imperfect grasp of Attic idiom while some of the harder passages should certainly have been more copiously annotated in view of the limited capacity of their future readers. Most teachers will regard the absence of any translation in the notes as a very serious drawback.

"Greek Grammar Papers." By A. C. Liddell. London: Blackie. 1901. 1s. 6d.

"Greek Accidence." By J. C. Weatherhead. London: Blackwood. 1901. 1s. 6d.

Mr. Liddell's century of Greek Grammar Papers seems admirably adapted for trying the capacities of "Grecians" under or up to V. Form standard, while at least half the questions would afford useful practice for a VI. Form. On page 84 ἡ μέγιστη should be inserted before καλλίστη ἦν τῶν θυγατέρων: on page 96 χαίρειν πολλά τὸν ἄνδρα exhibits a use of χαίρω too rare for a grammar paper, and the phrase ἐξέραν τὸ ὄδωρ (page 98) should be kept out of the next edition for the same reasons. Mr. Weatherhead's only claim to distinction from the common run is the excellence of his printer. It is a moot point whether accidence should be wholly divorced from syntax.

But an accidence which contains inter alia lists of irregular verbs, notes on the verbs, and a chapter on Homeric forms illustrates a lop-sided method of teaching which is not only useless but injurious. Pupils who have reached this stage cannot do without a syntax.

"Horace: Odes I. and II." Edited by J. Sargeant. London: Blackwood. 1901. 1s. 6d.

Mr. Sargeant in his notes deliberately apes the obscure in order not "to discourage the use of dictionaries and native wit". A few quotations will illustrate the methods of his madness. 1. 13. 12. "memorem. It leaves a scar, like Rose Dartle's." We should like to know how many schoolboys are sufficiently well read to "spot" what Mr. Sargeant is driving at. 1. 16. 4. "Mari Hadriano. The large phrase of bantering". Surely the only sense of humour the small boy will have of this explanation will be that the editor is poking fun at him. 11. 4. 5. "Telamone natum: added to lend dignity to the precedent". Brevity with Mr. Sargeant is evidently an integral portion of "native wit". Unfortunately it is purchased at the cost of lucidity. Sometimes it is purchased at the expense of the King's English. "The latter part of the ode is most unhappy" (? unhappily expressed). "There were dangerous races between the islands." "Races" may be possible, but its use here will certainly puzzle rather than stimulate the majority. "A song for lads and lasses" is simply undignified. And what is one to make of this? Phalanthus was "a mythical Spartan, really a god". Mr. Sargeant seems to have mistaken his vocation. Had he lived in classical times he would certainly have been taken on at Delphi, even to-day he might earn renown as an acrostic writer in the "World". His most favourite trick, however, is to explain the obscurum per obscurius. "Mittis fulmina. This would cause a 'bidental'"; "bis tinctae, δίδωται, dipped first in the dye of the pelagium and then in that of the buccinum". In many of the notes the text is explained only by a Greek translation or Greek grammatical term, i.e. ἀπὸ κοινοῦ. Even the dictionary seems here an inadequate aid to the boy who knows no Greek. The worst of it is that the Greek is not always correct. The note on 11. 5. 22, λάθαι ἄν contains a blunder in the tense and another in the mood. It seems a pity that such a scholar as Mr. Sargeant should totally ruin the value of his book by giving vent to such crotchets. We can only say with Mrs. Poyser it ought to be hatched over again, and hatched different.

"Cicero, Pro Archia." By G. H. Nall. ("Macmillan's Elementary Classics.") London: Macmillan. 1901. 1s. 6d.

This is a scholarly production which will rank with the best of the excellent series to which it belongs.

"Caesar: Gallic War." Book II. and Book IV. By J. Brown. London: Blackie. 1901. 1s. 6d.

The editor of these two books has done his work carefully and well. The notes are sound and clear. The volumes are lavishly embellished with maps, plans and illustrations.

Blackwood's Illustrated Series of Classics:—"Caesar: Gallic War." I.-III. By J. M. Hardwich. "Caesar: Gallic War." VI.-VII. By C. A. A. du Pontet. "Virgil: Aeneid." V. and VI. By St. J. B. Wynne Willson. London: Blackwood. 1s. 6d. each.

In all three books the illustrations and other aids to learning are up to the high standing of the rest of the series. Mr. Hardwich's explanations of syntactical difficulties are sometimes faulty and vague. Diceret in 139 is wrongly explained. In "longius . . . quam quo telum adigi posset", the subjunctive is consecutive. A relative clause has a strange power if it "restrains or limits the distance of the enemy". Both Messrs. du Pontet's and Wynne Willson's volumes are scholarly productions we can unreservedly commend.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"What's What! 1902." By Harry Quilter. London: Sonnenschein. 6s.

To know "what's what" is an ambition only less general than to know "who's who", and the success which has attended the effort to supply information to all and sundry in the one direction was certain to inspire enterprise in the other. We do not, however, glean that Mr. Harry Quilter is conscious of any telepathic indebtedness to Mr. Douglas Sladen and Messrs. A. and C. Black. On the contrary the idea of "What's What!" seems to have been directly due to the invigorating breezes of the Cornish coast, and Mr. Quilter subtly enables us to gauge his sense of the importance of the conception by giving a charming plate in colours of Mullion Cove where the project originated a year ago and was first discussed between himself and Mrs. Quilter. Let us say at once that the book is a monument to his industry, his resources and his limitations. He must have worked like a Titan—he confesses to having contributed no less than 350,000 words to the volume himself. The work is utterly unlike any other reference book with which we are acquainted. It is neither a Whitaker nor a Hazell. It trenches on the ground covered by both,

but it has features and qualities peculiarly its own. Thus it elects on one page to tell a lady how to dress on £15 a year and on another for the benefit of public writer or speaker supplies the essential facts concerning, say, Indian famines. In the first issue of such a work shortcomings are inevitable, and Mr. Quilter lays no claim to perfection. The arrangement of the book or as we might more correctly say its lack of arrangement is somewhat confusing. Why, for instance, should Mr. Thomas Hardy be accorded a separate and distinct notice, and Mr. George Meredith be included under the heading "Novels and Novelists"? Why should Mr. Hall Caine receive notice and Miss Marie Corelli apparently—we say apparently because the "arrangement" to which we have referred leaves us in some doubt—be ignored? If the omission is intentional it argues a discretion which might well have been extended to her rival; if it is unintentional the differentiation can only be described as gross carelessness. Mr. Quilter would have been well advised to submit some of his articles to those whom they chiefly affect. He would then hardly have included Mr. Oswald Crawford in the list of editors of the "Fortnightly".

"A History of Modern Europe." By T. H. Dyer. Vols. III. and IV. London: Bell. 1901. 12s. net.

We have already mentioned in terms of approval this new edition of a popular and agreeable book, edited by Mr. Arthur Hassall. These two volumes of Dyer take us down to the time when Constitution-making Sieyès carried in the teeth of Mirabeau's strong opposition his famous motion by which the Etats assumed the name National Assembly, thus beginning the French Revolution. It seems to us that the danger in an entertaining book like this is that the reader, if he does not go much deeper, may lose or rather never get any real sense of proportion in regard to any of the events referred to. For instance the affair of the diamond necklace is sure to take the fancy of a good many people: indeed it is by no means unusual to find general readers or, say, dippers into history speak of that affair as one of the chief causes of the French Revolution. They would rather hear about that than read De Tocqueville, and perhaps a book like Dyer's may encourage them in this. Still, as we have said, "Modern Europe" is on the whole a good piece of work, and Mr. Hassall has evidently worked hard and conscientiously as editor.

"The Great Boer War." By Conan Doyle. London: Smith, Elder. Enlarged edition. 1901. 7s. 6d.

"French's Cavalry Campaign." By J. G. Mayden. London: Pearson. 1901. 3s. 6d.

None of the innumerable books on the war has enjoyed the popularity of Dr. Conan Doyle's which is now in its thirteenth edition and has been revised down to the end of the second year of the conflict. The intelligent British public much prefers a novel-writer's ideas of war to a soldier's. General French's operations naturally figure largely in Dr. Doyle's pages, but they constitute a phase of the campaign worthy of special study. The proper time for that study will be when the campaign is over. Apart from the description of now more or less familiar incidents, Mr. Mayden's book, which by the way is appropriately dedicated to Lord Airlie, is interesting for the views he expresses on cavalry. He is of opinion that the time has not come when mounted infantry will supersede cavalry and points out that it was the cavalry arm under General French which altered "the terms of the equation" in the war.

"Links with the Past." By Mrs. Charles Bagot. London: Arnold. 1901. 16s.

A book of recollections, strung together loosely enough, often trivial, but by no means always without interest. Stories of course this book, in common with all others of its kind, has. One of these, if a chestnut, has not been enjoyed much of recent years at any rate. "I was shocked" says Mrs. Mary Bagot in her journal—which the author has been privileged to quote from—"in hearing the expression by which the Duke of Wellington described the engagement (at Waterloo) when appealed to by officers for his opinion upon a particular point connected with it. 'It was a damned smash' was the only reply." To which S. L. Bagot appends the footnote "Autres temps, autres mœurs". But we are not quite sure whether the quotation is apt.

"Chivalry." (The Social England Series.) By F. Warre Cornish. London: Sonnenschein. 1901.

This is an interesting addition to a series which brings into its extraordinarily capacious net works on subjects so far apart as alien immigration, the navy, the troubadours. The Vice-Provost of Eton writes with knowledge and judgment on the Crusades, tournaments, heraldry and knighthood of the Middle Ages. His chapter on the position of women in the days of chivalry is very interesting. The rules of womanly conduct, he reminds us, as set forth in the old romances, are quite opposed to modern ideas of propriety in the sex. "Young women talked among themselves as freely as young men nowadays, and the fullest license of language was allowed in the common intercourse of men and women." Nothing was very indelicate if it were only very witty; and many of the fair dames of those days were extremely happy in their retorts to the banter of squire or knight.

"The Novels of George Meredith." 15 vols. London: Constable. 1901. 2s. 6d. net each.

This is a new uniform edition of Mr. Meredith's novels which we have much pleasure in noticing. We hope and believe that the popularity of Mr. Meredith is steadily increasing and a cheap edition such as this is one of the means which a Meredith lover gladly sees adopted for extending the circle of readers of by far the greatest master of fiction now living.

"Christmas at the Mermaid." By Theodore Watts-Dunton. Flowers of Parnassus XI. London: Lane. 1901. 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. Lane has shown commendable sagacity in bringing out Mr. Watts-Dunton's "Christmas at the Mermaid" in a form and at a time suitable for Christmas gifts. We cannot say the exterior of the volume is equal to the interior, but it is not untasteful. The illustrations are unsatisfactory and superfluous. Most readers will agree with us that the "Mermaid" is one of Mr. Watts-Dunton's happiest pieces.

#### SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE.

*Ordnes Liv.* Af Kristofer Nyrop. Kulturbibliotek II. Köbenhavn: Det Schubothske Forlag.

*Sundhedsbegreber i Norden i det 16 Aarhundrede.* Af Troels Lund. Kulturbibliotek I. Det Schubothske Forlag.

*Livsavslutning.* Af Troels Lund.

It is really a pity that Danish is not more generally read by scholars and others who enjoy scholarly matter, presented in a form which is not only attractive, but which has a distinct literary life and charm of its own. Denmark produces other things, besides dairy butter and beer bacilli, and her contribution to the "belles-lettres" of criticism and philology is especially noteworthy just now.

We are not now thinking especially of Dr. Georg Brandes, though we gladly seize the opportunity of giving some information about Dr. Brandes which seems sadly needed, to judge by a statement seen somewhere last spring in a review of Vol. I. of the "Main Currents of European Literature", to the effect that the learned and brilliant writer was publishing this work simultaneously in Danish and in English. In one sense this may be true; the publication of this English version of the first volume of the "Main Currents" may coincide with the reissue of this volume in the new edition of his works now in course of publication. In point of fact, however, Vol. I. of the "Hovedstrømninger" first saw the light in the early seventies. The lectures on which it is based were given at the University of Copenhagen in 1872. No fewer than five succeeding volumes have since been published, the last being "Young Germany", in 1890, besides some fifteen or twenty other volumes of keen psychological analysis, presented in reconstructive form and applied to people that are dead and gone, and the society that surrounds and explains them, as well as to living men and women and their setting. Dr. Brandes' "Impressions" of travel from Berlin, Poland and Russia, really the outcome of the same scholarly method as his studies in criticism, belong to the best literature on the subject, and should be read by all who wish to understand the point of view of his reconstructive criticism. He gives us a very amusing hint of the mechanism of his method in we believe the book on Poland. He makes long lists of all the people he meets when in quest of "Impressions", and looks them through before he begins to write these impressions down. In fact, it is the principle of the composite photograph, applied to literature. These and other "devices" for a good grip of his material, are in Dr. Brandes' case, displayed with a little touch of vanity, or mockery, that adds a curious piquancy to his style, but are not allowed to obtrude themselves in important places; Dr. Brandes is, at heart, too much in earnest for that. If in some of his works, he may seem to be driving analysis too far, or to be building up what may seem to others a mere house of cards, or to give way to impulses which one would regret, if they were not invariably so wittily conceived; in his great works he alone, of all the eminent writers of Europe of the present day, reminds one of an old Gothic cathedral in the boldness of his inception and plan, in the quaint conceits and delightful incongruities and little flaunting of devices that give such a touch of human nature to the substructure of scholastic or scholarly conception, in the little flashes and passages of wit, sometimes in the most unexpected places, in the fervour and universality of it all. This may seem high praise, but it is meant for high praise. This is not the place for a critical examination of Dr. Brandes' method, views, and sources of information—but some attempt had to be made to indicate the warm, personal, many-sided nature of the work of this exponent of the principle of the "l'art à travers un tempérament" applied to literature. It is a great regret to his admirers that he has not published anything recently, but expended his wit and fire in leading articles and reviews for the "Politiken", that brightest and most incorrigible of daily papers.

Dr. Brandes had to be mentioned, even without the excuse of a book for doing so. But Dr. Brandes does not stand alone in the foremost rank of brilliant essay-writers on a basis of sound scholarship. Thus Dr. Kristofer Nyrop, whose serious work is



known to all students of Romance languages, has lately published in a bright and popular form, a most suggestive book on "The Life of Words", full of luminous learning and amusing instances of the changes and variations in the signification of words. English readers would probably, however, find more to interest them in the volume contributed by Professor Troels Lund to the excellent little "Library of Culture", published by "Det Schubotheske Forlag", small 8vo. volumes of 200 to 300 pages; the make-up and lettering of the covering and title-page looked after by that well-known expert in such matters, Hans Tegner, who has contributed two symbolical vignettes in very good black-and-white, straightforward, distinct, and well-modulated, while each volume is enlivened by a portrait of the writer from a drawing by Krøyer, whose deft and sprightly rendering of the humorous faces of his countrymen is well known outside Denmark from his superb pictures of Danish social gatherings.

That the opening volume of the "Kulturbibliotek" should be by Professor Troels Lund was almost a foregone conclusion, as he is, without any doubt, the most popular writer in Denmark of the day. His specialty is the history, and especially the social history in the sixteenth century. The third book on the list above "Livsavslutning" (The End of Life) is in fact also the "avslutning" or end of his great "Social History of the North in the Sixteenth Century". This social history is again only meant to be the first of three parts of a great projected history of Denmark and Norway in the sixteenth century. Even if these later volumes never see the light, no one will regret the freshness of vision which led the learned author to set the social conditions of his period before his readers first, as the necessary background on which to project the events and personalities of the time. The plan of the social history has the same simple freshness. Instead of a bulky "Kulturgeschichte", divided into chapters, weighed down by cross-references and obstructed by notes, these fourteen handy volumes are in small octavo on different aspects of the subject: the first on "Land og Folk" a title which needs no translation, (we refer all children, whose grown-up friends happen to know Danish, to the delightful stories about the free-and-easy manners of the Norwegian bears in the sixteenth century). There are very amusing passages, too, on the first carriages introduced into Denmark, and the comments thereon. Sober geographical matter is not neglected, but Professor Lund's manner throughout represents a very happy medium between clear and well-arranged compilation and effective use of suggestive original matter. Then comes a volume on houses and towns, another on manors (Herregaarde) and castles, followed by one on costume. From "Fødemidler" ("What People Ate") we pass on to "Daily Life and Holidays", and from this, naturally, to "The Great Festivals of the Year". Then the life of the

(Continued on page 658.)

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individual is considered in a series of volumes on "Birth and Christening", "Betrothal", "Preparations for the Wedding", "Weddings", "Marriage and Morals", "Livsbelysning", ("The Point of View"), and "Livsavslutning" ("The End of Life"). In his descriptions, Professor Lund has taken great pains to get at the contemporary point of view, and to give us amusing extracts from diaries and letters from foreign envoys and other travellers, describing the sufferings they endured from certain Northern national customs—of which those caused by the voluminous feather-beds are among the least unmentionable! Professor Lund does not hesitate to call a spade a spade, or rather to emphasise the neglect of the spade in sanitary arrangements of the sixteenth century, which mingles so curiously with their love of sumptuous bravery, and healthy, open-air vitality of temperament. Can anything be more characteristic of this contrast than the fact that highly-prized "water-artists" were called in from abroad to construct elaborate waterworks for their castle gardens, while the cleaning of the streets was left to the occasional showers? Professor Lund does not dwell unduly on this note—as English writers are so apt to do, emboldened, possibly, by the feeling of breaking a taboo. His Danish naiveté and agility of phrase enable him to touch lightly upon questions, that in nineteenth-century English would inevitably seem coarse. His aim is to present the sixteenth century as it was and as it seemed then—as far, indeed, as it lies in his power. It does not lie in the power of any historian to "make the past live again". A good deal has, however, lain in Professor Lund's power through his indefatigable industry, the way fortune has favoured him in his researches, his happy gift of style and clearness in the arrangement of his valuable matter. These fourteen volumes are a perfect storehouse of quaint and forgotten lore, which no historian or student of social evolution can afford to ignore—and almost worth learning Danish for!

*Laboremus.* Af Bjørnesterne Björnson. København: Gyldendalske Boghandels Forlag. 1901.

*Laboremus.* London: Chapman and Hall. 1901. 5s.

As the English translator (or the translator into English?) points out, this is another instance of the "Old Rivalry" (between Ibsen and Björnson) shown "in the varied treatment of the same subject". Thus "shortly after Ibsen depicts work shattered by love in his play 'When we Dead Awaken', Björnson makes work the redemption of the lover in 'Laboremus'". We do not entirely agree with this comprehensive analysis of the baffling and complicated theme of Ibsen's last drama; but there is no doubt that that element enters into the theme, and that Björnson, with his "sunny optimism", has responded in the way indicated in the preface to the English translation. It is very hard to give a fair notion of the plot of this play of Björnson's; all our attempts at analysis have thus far resulted in flippancy. And yet the motive, though far fetched and in some respects dangerously near absurdity, has passages of great beauty and power, and may possibly be quite poetically effective on the stage, in another and a more racy English version than the one before us. Björnson's motive may be rather obscure, but there is no doubt about the terse vigour of his style. He writes in Norse, not transplanted Danish, and not even literary Norse; but colloquial Norse—"Norse as she is spoke" in Kristiania—every sentence as descriptive as one of Waerenskjold's bold lines.

For This Week's Books see page 660.

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This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, pursuant to the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.

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The minimum subscription on which the Directors will allot is the whole of the Debenture Stock, the whole of the Preference Shares, and the 30,000 Ordinary Shares now being issued.

The present issue, after providing for the acquisition and completion of the Cold Stores as set out below, leaves £220,000 for working capital and the general purposes of the Company.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from the Bankers or Brokers.



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(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862-1900.)

**SHARE CAPITAL - £70,000**

Divided into 20,000 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, and 50,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

The Preference Shares will have priority as to Capital over the Ordinary Shares. No debentures will be issued without the consent of two-thirds of the preference shareholders.

Notice is hereby given that the above-named company is issuing a prospectus dated the 6th day of November, 1901, inviting subscription at par for 18,000 PREFERENCE SHARES and 10,000 ORDINARY SHARES, payable as follows:—

On Application .. .. .	£0 2 6
On Allotment .. .. .	0 7 6
Two Months after Allotment .. .. .	0 10 0

**£1 0 0 per share.**

1,100 Preference Shares and 6,000 Ordinary Shares have been taken by the Subscribers to the Memorandum of Association, leaving 33,000 Ordinary Shares for future issue.

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J. F. KEMPSON, Crow Lees, Leicester (Chairman of Kempson & Co., Ltd.).  
 N. FRANK NALDER, 94 St. George's Square, London, S.W.  
 J. C. GOODE, 29 Mincing Lane, London, E.C., Managing Director.  
 Two Directors will be appointed by the Vendors after allotment.

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**BANKERS.**THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND, LIMITED,  
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London, E.C.**SECRETARY.—H. G. HEMMERDE.**

OFFICES.—80a Coleman Street, London, E.C.

The Prospectus states, among other things, That the subscription lists will be opened on Monday, November 25th, and closed on or before Wednesday, November 27th, 1901.

That the Company has been formed for the purpose of operating as a going concern as from the Thirtieth day of June, 1901, on the terms of the contract hereinafter mentioned, the Wholesale Tea business of COOPER, COOPER AND JOHNSON, LTD., together with the Agencies and Retail Grocery businesses carried on under the well-known name of COOPER, COOPER &amp; CO. (founded in the year 1866), at the following premises:—

Market Buildings, Mincing Lane,  
200 Oxford Street,  
47 King William Street, E.C.,  
68 Bishopsgate Street, E.C.,  
21 Westbourne Grove,  
77 Holborn, E.C.,

25 Lowther Arcade, Strand,  
266 Westminster Bridge Road,  
190 Rye Lane, Peckham,  
51 North Street, Brighton,  
108 Commercial Road, Bournemouth,  
115 Christchurch Road, Boscombe.

That under the Agreement dated the 6th day of November, 1901, the Company will acquire the valuable assets in connection with these businesses, consisting of stock, book debts, and the benefit of the certain agreements for leases, of above premises, plant, fixtures and office furniture in both the wholesale and retail departments, which stand in the books of the late Company at the value of £31,134 12s. 6d. as shown by the following balance sheet prepared by and certified to by Mr. Ernest I. Husey, of the firm of Messrs. Jackson, Pixley &amp; Co.:—

**BALANCE SHEET, 30th June, 1901.**

Dr.	£	s.	d.	
To Sundry Creditors .. .. .	4,011	11	0	
Bad Debt Reserve .. .. .	98	3	7	
Surplus representing Capital .. .. .	33,841	7	1	
Divided as under:—				
Profits for six months (the profits on the Wholesale				
Department being taken as $\frac{1}{3}$ ths of nine months) ..	2,706	14	11	
Balance .. .. .	34,134	12	2	
	£33,841	7	1	
	£37,951	1	8	
Cr.				
By Sundry Debtors and Bills Receivable .. .. .	17,103	15	6	
Stock .. .. .	11,735	1	6	
Cash .. .. .	1,155	0	2	
Fixtures .. .. .	3,151	11	6	
Leases .. .. .	4,805	13	0	
	£37,951	1	8	

12th September, 1901.

The Directors, THE LE VALLON SYNDICATE, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—I hereby certify the above Balance Sheet to be correct. The Profit and Loss Account in the case of the shops shows the profit earned between the 1st January and 30th June, 1901, during which period the shops were carried on under my Receivership.

The other Profit and Loss Account is for a period of nine months, being dated from the 1st October, 1900, the reason being that stocks were taken in this department on that date, and not, as in the case of the shops, on the 31st December.

Yours faithfully,  
(Signed) ERNEST I. HUSEY, of the Firm of JACKSON, PIXLEY & CO.,  
Receiver, Manager, and Liquidator.

That the above-mentioned amount of £17,103 15s. 6d., "Sundry Debtors and Bills Receivable," is guaranteed by the Vendors.

That, as will be seen, no amount whatever has been included in the above certificate for the goodwill, trade marks and registered designs, &amp;c. In order, however, to comply with the requirements of the Companies Act of 1900, the nominal sum of £250 has been inserted in the purchase contract as the price of the goodwill, which in the year 1898 was sold for upwards of £70,000.

That the net profits as above, after deducting Manager's remuneration and all other expenses, amount to £2,706 14s. 11d. for the six months ending 30th June, 1901, being at the rate per annum of .. .. . £5,413 9 10  
It requires to pay—Six per cent. on 20,000 Preference Shares .. £1,200  
Ten per cent. on 17,000 Ordinary Shares .. 1,700

2,900 0 0

Which would leave a surplus available for further Dividends,  
Reserve, &c. .. .. . £2,913 9 10

That no Debentures will be issued without the consent of two-thirds of the Preference Shareholders.

That Mr. John Charles Goode, who has managed the business during Mr. Husey's Receivership, will act as Managing Director for a term of five years, and has subscribed the Memorandum of Association for 1,000 Ordinary Shares.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, the Agreements, and Mr. Husey's Certificate, together with the Accounts therein referred to, can be seen by intended applicants at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Company before the list of subscriptions is closed.

That application will be made in due course to the London Stock Exchange for a settlement in the Company's shares.

That Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and of the Bankers, and Brokers of the Company.

This notice is not to be regarded as an invitation to the public to subscribe for shares.

**SUPER-AERATION, LIMITED.****THE FINANCIAL POSITION EXPLAINED.**

AN extraordinary general meeting of Super-Aeration, Limited, was held on Thursday, at Winchester House, E.C., Mr. Edward Wolsley presiding, for the purpose of submitting for confirmation the resolution passed on October 29 providing for the voluntary winding up of the company.

The Secretary (Mr. Frank S. S. Bennett) having read the notice convening the meeting.

The Chairman said that those who most severely condemn the formation of the subsidiary companies appear to be under the impression that the flotation of these companies has been carried out on lines which have become familiar in connection with certain mining finance companies, which used their own capital in subscribing to their own offspring, with the result that the cash resources of their subsidiary companies being chiefly forthcoming from the exchequer of the parent company, the whole group necessarily formed a financial edifice so artificial and unsound that the liquidation of one of the group meant the collapse of the whole structure. He wanted them clearly to understand that these subsidiary companies of theirs had not come into existence under such circumstances; nor would he be connected with any such rotten system of finance. At the risk of being tedious he would again state that the formation of these companies was not so much sought after by the directors as by people in various districts, who, seeing the possibilities for the future in the business, clamoured for the right for those districts for concessions to form companies for them. Substantial deposits were paid by these individuals as forfeit money on the granting of the concessions for the formation of those companies. It was only their care as directors to see that their holdings in these companies were sufficiently large, and that sufficient working capitals were subscribed to give the business, in their opinion, a chance of success. Had they been able to foresee the future as well as some of their financial critics, he thought they might frankly admit that they should have changed their programme to the extent of having fewer and larger provincial companies; but beyond that he did not feel justified in saying that any error of policy had been committed. The question of their patents and competitors was, he thought, a much more serious line of criticism, affecting, as it did, the very basis of their commercial existence. But he was pleased to be able to inform them that "the similar processes being worked with impunity" have all been investigated by their experts, and at a not distant date the result of these investigations may become apparent in a manner not too pleasant to some of the persons now working them. But were they really competitors worth the name? He was able to state that inquiries made at the office of one of them, and one to which the *Westminster Gazette* referred not very long ago as a champion ready and eager to do battle with Super-Aeration, elicited the fact that this particular competitor's limit of competition was reached—nay, even passed—when they were requested to execute an order for half a dozen machines, which, manufactured on a commercial basis, should have involved a capital outlay of a few pounds only. He did not want to say too much at the moment as to the steps they were taking, and proposed to take, in regard to these similar processes. At present they have proceeded no further than their "provisional protection" stage, and he doubted if many of them ever would. Some at least of them, they were advised, were infringements of patents owned by the Super-Aeration Company. As to the value of their own patent, they were advised by technical experts, as well as patent agents and leading counsel, that their position was an excellent one: but to this he would add that practical experience had shown that the difficulties of organising such a business as theirs could only be overcome with the aid of very large financial resources and powerful influence. These resources and influence they had been able to bring to bear; but he did not imagine that every individual or mushroom syndicate claiming to possess an invention similar to their own would be able to get over these initial difficulties. His honest and convinced opinion was that the question of competition was a grossly exaggerated bugbear. For various reasons—which he explained—and for the reason that they had now a very large stock-in-trade, a magnificent organisation, and a machine with which they could challenge the world's comparison, he said that serious competition was as yet non-existent, and, as an important daily paper said that morning, they were first in the field and had not hidden their light under a bushel. For the rest, they knew a great deal more of the situation than anyone else could tell them, and he confidently recommended them to compare quietly and carefully what they were doing with what others were doing, being certain that the comparison would convince them of the straightforwardness and reliability of what he had told them. He proposed that the resolution passed at the extraordinary general meeting of the company held on October 29 last—namely, "That the company be wound up voluntarily by and the same is hereby confirmed."

Mr. Buckland seconded the resolution.  
 Mr. Edmund Lee desired to move an amendment to the effect that the company be wound up compulsorily. He personally had lost a considerable amount of money in the undertaking, having bought his shares at £5, and he wished to have an independent investigation into the affairs of this company. Mr. Glegg, he maintained, was not independent, and he would propose the appointment of Mr. Frederick Basden as liquidator.  
 The Chairman said he was advised by the solicitor that no amendment could be put to the resolution that he had proposed, which must be either passed or rejected; but Mr. Lee could nominate any other liquidator than the one named in the notice. On the resolution being put it was carried.  
 The Chairman then proposed the appointment of Mr. Glegg as liquidator, which was seconded by Mr. McKillop, M.P.  
 Mr. Lee proposed as an amendment that Mr. Basden be appointed.  
 Mr. Little seconded this.  
 The amendment was negatived on a show of hands, and the original resolution carried.  
 Mr. Little formally demanded a poll, but five members holding together 3,000 shares not being forthcoming, the Chairman declared the resolutions carried.  
 A vote of thanks to the Chairman closed the proceedings.

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